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NOVEL SERIES.

By this means we preserve for our own use, through all our lives, what our memory would have lost in a few days; and lay up a rich treasure of knowledge, for those that come after us. By the arts of Reading and Writing, we can sit at home and acquaint ourselves with what is done in all the distant parts of the world, and find what our fathers did, long ago, in the first ages of mankind.— WATTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. RUSSELL, OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

DRAMATIC criticism is of no inconsiderable importance to the general interests of civilized communities. National amusements operate to the formation of national character; there is an intimate, though not always an immediately perceptible, connection between taste and morals, between the pleasures and pursuits of a people; and it becomes therefore of consequence that the principles of pure taste, which are by no means so undefinable as some persons imagine, should be accurately understood, and incessantly inculcated, by those who undertake the arduous duty of informing and directing the opinions of their contemporaries. Theatrical reviewing is as necessary as literary reviewing, and, when judiciously and impartially conducted, is productive of very salutary consequences.

If, from adverting to the importance of dramatic criticism generally, we consider the nature of the histrionic profession individually, the present introductory observations will not be estimated as either superfluous or unauthorised. Players are no longer the objects of common prejudice and obloquy. The almost universal diffusion of intelligence that has taken place in modern society, accompanied with corresponding effects on feelings and manners, seems to have annihilated most of those prepossessions which formerly existed against actors, and which, however much was occasionally conceded to the merits of the performer, excluded the individual from the circles of respectable or elevated intercourse. The actor is now a social, as well as a national character. While he contributes to our public pleasures, he is frequently admitted

into our private parties. Society has thus acquired additional interest in his conduct, by giving additional dignity to his character; and, from this circumstance, the examination of his merits, as well as the encouragement of his efforts, becomes the business of more serious deliberation.

The diversified distribution of talents, whether as to their combination or degree, must excite our astonishment, while at the same time it ought to command our admiration. A general mediocrity of genius, an uniformity of excellence, however it may be supposed likely to insure the repose of mankind, would inevitably deprive them of those transcendant qualities by which the human mind is distinguished and exalted, and which have alone rendered the page of history instructive and animating. Without examples of perfection, there would be no incentives to emulation. Equally undistinguished, because equally unaspiring, men would remain, without any particular gratification, in ages of intellectual quiescence; and the very link of action, by which motive associates human beings, would be wholly disconnected. Happily, however, such is not the state of humanity. Some minds for the general elevation of our species, will always demand fame among their fellows, while the latter are so constituted as gladly to concede the claim of superiority; and while others, endued with a useful inferiority of talents, meritoriously co-operate, in their proper places, to produce the result providentially designed—the denoument of the great drama of mortal action.

Mr. Russell, the performer whose popular pretensions it is now proposed to estimate, is not unconnected with the preceding disquisition. Without any high claim to rank among those who are considered as men of genius, he possesses, nevertheless, no despicable share of talent. He is one of those who properly fill their proper stations.

Born in the vicinage of the theatre, we understand near Drury-Lane, Mr. Russell, when very young, is stated to have preferred the stage to the law; and, with this impression, to have soon quitted the office of his father, who was in respectable practice as an attorney. Scarcely therefore had he completed his thirteenth year, when he obtained an engagement at the Circus, in St. George's Fields. He shortly afterwards made his professional appearance at Margate and Sheerness; and here he was so successful as to become, very speedily, acting-manager, as well as the leading actor, of the two theatres. The versatility of his powers, together with his indefatigability, attracted, at length, the notice of Mr. Grubb, then one of the patentees of Drury-Lane Theatre; who immediately recommended him to the board of management, at that house. He made his appearance first as *Charles Surface*, in the 'School for Scandal'; and also as *Fribble*, in 'Miss in her Teens.' Satisfied with those specimens of his enactment, the managers afterwards engaged him regularly.

For some time he continued to personate the whimsical fop; but, although not unsuccessful in his delineation of this ridiculous but too common animal, he did not win upon the public favour sufficiently to warrant his forming a second engagement at Drury-Lane, at the expiration of his first. He therefore spent two or three years in the country; where many stages witnessed his exertions, and also his improvements. At last Mr. Sheridan, having heard of or seen the latter, obtained him a second engagement at Drury-Lane, which is still lasting, and will probably be followed by a third, as although, till now, merely *respectable* in some eminent parts which have been entrusted to him, he has distinguished himself, in those of cunning servants, and excels in the representation of idiots.

High in the latter class may be ranked the character of *Jerry Sneak*, in Foote's excellent farce of 'The Mayor of Garratt.' It is a faithful picture of a mind naturally weak, and degraded into the lowest idiotism by evil treatment from his wife, and the uncharitable delight which men always take in amusing themselves at the expence of such unfortunate creatures, by inspiring them with a high opinion of themselves, in order to encourage and render more frequent their display of folly. It is drawn

with the hand of a master, and performed by Mr. Russell in a manner that gives it its full effect. It is said that actors can never succeed in the representation of a character that resembles their own. If that be the case, as there are many reasons to believe it is, Mr. Russell's excellence in an idiot's part is a pledge of his wit and good sense as a man.

The farce of 'The Mayor of Garratt' is too generally known to require a minute explanation of its plot, and description of the various characters of which it is composed. The former is simple, the latter are all highly coloured though not too unnatural, and the whole highly comic. *Major Surgeon*, a fishmonger and a disbanded officer of militia, an admirer of the ladies, and a great boaster of his own exploits, the hard service which he has seen, the marches and counter-marches which he has performed; *Mrs. Sneak*, a conceited, fashionable, mock elegant lady, and an imperious faithless wife to *Jerry Sneak*, a pin-maker; *Mr. Bruin*, a respectable tradesman, and a firm and sensible man; his wife, a modest and obedient woman, are all assembled at the country house of *Sir Giles Jollup*, father to the two ladies, in order to witness the election of a Mayor of Garratt. Here the Major finds means to win the heart of *Mrs. Sneak*, who grants him a *tête à tête*, which the husband interrupts, and then informs his brother-in-law, *Bruin*, of what he has seen. *Bruin* courageously takes his part, inspires him with courage to resist his wife, and reproaches the Major with his conduct. This brave officer draws his sword, whilst *Bruin* offers to box with him, supported by his now valiant friend, who stands behind him. But *Mrs. Sneak* places herself before her dear Major, and threatens *Jerry* with her anger when they shall once more meet alone. His momentary spirit melts at the threat, and conscious of her power, he humbles himself before her and regains her good graces, whilst he forfeits the esteem of his manly supporter. At this moment he learns that he has been elected Mayor of Garratt, and in his bustling exultation loses every recollection of the past.

Not endowed by nature with a great flexibility of countenance, and little indebted to art for encreased physiognomical expression, Mr. Russell in general tries to supply that defect, by an almost incessant grin; which depicts self-gratulation rather than any passion or emotion of the mind arising from the incidents of the piece. Here, what is useless, if not ridiculous in other parts, becomes proper, if not necessary. He indulges in it, however, less frequently than when he personates more serious characters. We are not disposed to reprove his abstinence, it is wise; we, on the contrary, wish he would display more of that virtue in his other performances. No one can give us a better idea of a weak minded, wife-ridden husband, than Mr. Russell, when he makes his appearance loaded with boxes and parcels which contain his fashionable lady's dresses and ornaments. His apparently good-natured obsequiousness to her commands, in her presence, and the sudden alteration of his manners when he feels his independance renewed by her absence; his silly astonishment when he supposes the Major must have been acquainted with his wife before her marriage, because he surprizes him kissing her, a liberty which she had not yet allowed him, although they had been united more than a year before; and especially the exultation and self-importance with which he sings his *beautiful* ballad of 'Robinson Crusoe,' are passages in his performance of striking effect and merit. He is not less successful, when, animated by his brother-in-law's reproaches, he collects all his firmness, and after promising to be the master of his wife and his own house, no sooner sees her approaching than he begs *Bruin* not to forsake him. The scene in which he displays more excellence is perhaps the ensuing, when he resolutely begins his attack on *Mrs. Sneak*'s usurped authority. Astonished at his unexpected audacity, she is at first unable to express her anger. Encouraged by her seeming embarrassment he proceeds, taking care to hold his brother-in-law's hand or coat, and after every volley of threats seeking a refuge behind him. His ludicrous despair, when he surprizes his

wife alone in a hot-house with the Major in the garden, and his exultation when he learns that he is raised to the dignity of Mayor, and his resignation to conjugal slavery, are masterly pieces of comic acting; and, upon the whole, we do not believe that the part of *Jerry Sneak* ever found an abler representative than Mr. Russell.

In a new melo-drama translated from the French, and entitled 'Tekeli,' Mr. Russell has also distinguished himself as *Isidore*, a character of the same cast as the preceding. In it, however, he has given so faithful a portraiture of idiotism as to make it rather disgus ing.

Of his comic powers in servants' parts, Mr. Russell has given frequent instances. As *Lezardo*, in 'The Cabinet,' he has appeared to no small advantage; although the mind of every spectator must have been impressed with the recollection of Mr. Bannister's acting in the same part.

He has frequently succeeded in fops, and particularly in 'Edgar and Emmeline.' As *Sir Brilliant Fashion*, in 'The Way to Keep Him,' and the *Hon. Tom Shuffleton*, in 'John Bull,' he retained too much of the vulgarity of the low lived characters which he had till then been used to perform, to be able to pourtray the genteel and wicked foolishness of fashion. In 'The Honeymoon' he fills the part of *Rolando*, the woman-hater, with no small degree of spirit and propriety. He is still encumbered with vulgarity, but it may easily be mistaken for that roughness of manners towards the fair sex, which he publicly boasts having adopted. He is therefore, though not an excellent, at least a good representative of the haughty *Rolando*.

The defects of this actor are sufficiently palpable. His voice is gratingly harsh, he is too often vulgar when his part requires an air of gentility, and his face displays too much of the unmeaningness of grinning.

He has, notwithstanding, his excellencies, as a performer. Excepting when he is doomed to caricature the beau of fashion, he seems to entertain just conceptions of his parts; and his flow of animation is effectually attractive. His powers for exhibiting the human mind when plunged in the degradation of idiotism, are unequalled.

MISCELLANIES.

Many Books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome.—Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains.

MILTON.

RECOLLECTIONS.

No. I.

Being myself as free from envying the dead in contemplation, as from envying the living in action or fortune. LORD VERULAM.

EVERY inquisitive man has something to communicate concerning his contemporaries, while, at the same time, he has also collected some traits of the characters of his predecessors. Referring to the leaves of my common-place-book, I find it contains a little incidental information respecting persons and topics which formerly engaged, in different degrees, the attention of the public, and of which some, indeed,

have not wholly ceased to interest curiosity and excite inquiry. It is of such various memoranda, as I have now described, that these RECOLLECTIONS will be principally composed. I flatter myself, however, that they will conduce both to the amusement and advantage of those to whom they are designed to be periodically presented.

VIATOR.

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

I consider the Inscription composed by this writer for the monumental tablet, erected in Westminster Abbey, to his friend Gray, as one of the happiest productions of our lyric muse. The position of the monument is also admirable. It is so placed as to form a most striking elucidation of the allusion made, in the Stanza of Mason, to Milton, and which certainly constitutes the ideal excellence of the whole.

Mr. Mason, the author of the stanza just noticed, was not, as a man, without his strangenesses. After having been much importuned to subscribe to the Poems of the once celebrated Bristol Milkwoman, the late Mrs. Ann Yearsley, and having long resisted the application, the applicant, determined to decide him in favor of Mrs. Yearsley, declared she was a heaven-born genius.——"Here," said the poet, handing five guineas to his friend, "here is *five pounds* for her *situation;* and *five shillings* for your *heaven-born-genius!*"

MADAME SCHWELLENBERG.

Peter Pindar, in his far-famed 'Lousiad,' seems to have taken all possible pains to perpetuate the remembrance of this courtly dame. The following anecdote is, however, yet unpublished.

Madame Schwellenberg was, it seems, fondly addicted to the since fashionable practice, among her sex, of riding upon donkeys. Having once newly purchased a fine male ass, for the purpose of indulging herself in her usual trottations, she proceeded with him into the meadows. Scarcely had she seated herself comfortably on his back, when the animal evinced no ordinary symptoms of restiveness and insubordination. He, unhappily for his fair rider, perceived some she-asses who were in the field adjoining; and, on this fatal discovery, began kicking up his heels with such violence as laid his comely burden sprawling on the ground! It was with no little exertion that the latter, recovering herself from the shock she had so unexpectedly sustained, made her way back to the palace. Entering now immediately into the royal presence, as she was accustomed to do, she recounted the particulars of her disaster; adding, with considerable emotion, that "She would never ride a man-ass again!" Her misuse of the terms of our language, in her thus applying *man* in the sense where *male* only is adopted by us, produced, as may be supposed, much merriment among her royal patrons. His Majesty, in particular, is said to have laughed very heartily at hearing her pathetic resolution.

ROUSSEAU.

"Sufficient attention is not paid to those causes in which our present political convulsions originated. Many wise men, as the great Frederick of Prussia, the distinguished Earl of Chatham, the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, and others, long foresaw the approach of the disasters which have since fallen out among the civilized nations. Among the various philosophical prognostications, anticipatory of the terrible troubles we have witnessed and do witness, the following is sufficiently remarkable. It is transcribed from Rousseau's 'Emile,' tome 2, page 115.—"Je tiens pour impossible," observes this writer, "que les grandes Monarchies de l'Europe aient encore long-tems à durer. *Toutes ont brillé; et tout Etat, qui brille, est sur son déclin!* J'ai mon opinion, des raisons plus particulières, que cette maxime; mais il n'est pas à-propos de les dire, et chacun ne les voit que trop."

MR. PITT.

THIS extraordinary statesman was the Berosus of Britain; and therefore his principal statue, like the one erected to his prototype by the Athenians, should have "a gilded tongue," emblematical of the elo-

quence by which he succeeded in commanding the gold of his country. Who does not know that, throughout the European continent, Pitt and Gold were synonimous terms? Not lightly do I estimate, however, the political ascendancy of the minister to whom I am now adverting; of whom it may comparatively be said, without much hyperbole, that,

> That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
> Give a dim light to violence and wars!—
>
> WALLER.

Mr. Pitt, it is merely justice to observe, entertained the most pitiful opinion of those appendages of place, those creatures of the desk, by whom, as Burke sarcasticaly said, he was incumbered instead of being aided. He archly described his noble brother, as "the ghost of the great Earl of Chatham;" and ventured, on one memorable occasion, to evince his contempt for William Cobbett. He was not particularly partial to Edmund Burke. Something diverting enough, as referring to office-concerns, I formerly heard of this Premier and the late Mr. Todd.

Mr. Todd, whose daughter married the present Earl of Lauderdale, was the Secretary of the Post-Office, in which place he is now succeeded by Mr. Freeling. Finding his income decreased by the memorable establishment of mail-coaches, which superseded the necessity of hiring expresses from the post-office, Todd intreated an audience of Mr. Pitt, and explained the nature of his grievance to that minister, expecting to obtain some compensation for the loss occasioned to him by the disuse of expresses. His income, according to his representation, had diminished several hundreds of pounds. "Well," said Mr. Pitt, learning, from Todd's own confession, that his official remuneration was still great, "mail-coaches, Sir, are of considerable advantage to the public and the government; and public advantages ought always to be paramount to private considerations; but if you do not like to retain your situation, under the circumstances in which you now hold it, I suppose I shall be able to find some gentleman who will have no objection to relieve you from the burden." Mr. Todd took the hint, and prudently retired. He died, after all, in circumstances highly affluent.

Of the three eminent statesmen, Pitt and Burke and Fox, who have been successively snatched from the councils of their country, it is rather remarkable that, however differing from each other as to the conduct of public affairs, they were equally distinguished for active private benevolence, their deaths equally regretted by those to whom they were intimately known, and deplored by those to whom their bounty had extended. Mr. Pitt was truly considerate as to the situations of those who were properly objects of his commiseration and assistance. So far was he from being parsimonious of charity, that his name is still pronounced, by the poor of the place where he chiefly resided, with respect and gratitude.

His haughtiness accompanied him only to the council-table and the senate. I have often heard a King's messenger, who never could endure the repulsiveness of Lord Grenville's manner, speak in admiration of the affability of Mr. Pitt.

There is no incurious parallel between the circumstances of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox. Both were younger sons of two opposing noblemen; both seem to have imbibed, and acted upon, hereditary prejudices against each other; both were eloquent and eminent; and both, after rising to the highest political celebrity, terminated their career simply as commoners. Both also died embarassed; and yet the pecuniary difficulties of each have since been honourably considered, and are in the train for being fully discharged.

Mr. Fell, by the way, has recently published a large quarto volume to establish, what nobody doubted, the fact of Mr. Fox's being one of the most ambitious statesmen of his age! The distinction to be formed between him and his rival, as to their ambition respectively, is to me perfectly obvious. While Pitt thought himself a great man, Fox felt himself a great man. Pitt made his country something, because he would be something himself: Fox, had it been permitted him, would have made his country every thing,—because he had determined, if possible, to be every

thing himself. Both, however, displayed considerable error in their public conduct. Mr. Pitt was too official; and Mr. Fox was, as certainly, too philosophical. Mr. Pitt prided himself too much in the drudgeries attached to his dignity; while Mr. Fox, on the contrary, too much despised them. How deeply has their country suffered from never having experienced the effects of their united councils and powers! I do not think, however, that such an union was really practicable. Ruinous as was their rivalry, I never could feel hopeful of any confidential coalition between these illustrious characters. If Mr. Pitt was positive as to his opinions, Mr. Fox was as tenacious as to his importance; and the assumption of individual equality must, I think, have disconcerted any scheme for their mutual and effectual co-operation.

Contemplated with reference to literature, Mr. Fox possessed, in this point of view, one decided advantage over his great political competitor. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox will, in all human probability, descend alike to posterity, as orators; since their senatorial addresses will be collected and published, and, as long as their language is understood, perpetuated. Mr. Fox, however, in his portion of the History of the Reign of James the Second, has erected his own monument in the pantheon of literature. He will be known as a writer, as well as remembered as a speaker. Of the praise due to this particular effort of his genius, his historical composition, various opinions are now entertained. Without pausing to discuss the merits of that work, and without pretending to reconcile the differing judgments which have already been pronounced upon it, I shall venture to adopt respecting it, as my sentiment, the following remark of the late Dr. Gregory, contained in his Letters on Literature, as characteristic of Pericles. —"It would be unfair, from so slight a specimen, to decide on an author's character; but, as far as we may judge from it, his reputation was higher than his merits."

I have before represented it as impracticable for Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox to have acted officially together. There are reasons for my forming this conclusion. Mr. Fox, it is known, always considered the then premier as the only bar between him and his sovereign; and, notwithstanding Mr. George Rose's disclaimation of the circumstance, he could never be induced to think less unfavourably of his rival in power. Their confederation, under any circumstances, must therefore have been without cordiality,—quite as full of compulsion as of policy. The precise periods at which Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox alternately died were, I conceive, also unpropitious. Mr. Pitt lived too long, for Mr. Fox; and Mr. Fox lived too long, for Mr. Pitt. Whether, however, the decease of both those eminent personages ought not to be considered as beneficial to their country, might form no trivial inquiry.

THE RAGE FOR ANTIQUITIES.

THE pursuits and researches of men of eminence and learning have generally excited the curiosity of the public, and have not unfrequently called forth their admiration, for when superior abilities are employed in elucidating subjects of general importance, we feel a self interest in the success of their endeavours, which induces us to regard the persons who are engaged in those avocations with esteem and respect. It however sometimes happens that their actions have a different effect on the public opinion, and I am inclined to think that this must arise from a regret that their researches have not always been guided by a judicious attention to the beneficial consequences which may result from their enquiries; but from a childish affection for trifles of no value, or from a more despicable vanity or pedantry which induces them rather to employ their abilities on things which are calculated only to display their own learn-

ing or gratify their individual curiosity, than on subjects which may prove of general utility and advantage to mankind.

Among the labours of the most distinguished men of our present day, their rage for antiquities bears a pre-eminent sway, as the voluminous publications which have recently appeared on the subject sufficiently evince.—Their researches into the recesses of time seem indeed to be unwearied, and will, I apprehend, be perpetual; but whether the discoveries which have been, or will hereafter be made will even conduce to the benefit of society, so as to compensate for the time and attention bestowed on them, is a question on which considerable doubts are entertained.

If indeed we view it as a mere matter of curiosity, it may afford an inexhaustible fund of amusement to the learned, but surely, there are objects of much greater importance, where enquiries might be prosecuted with more general advantage, by men who possess time and talents sufficient to render them adequate to such an undertaking: not that I object to the general principle of antiquarian researches, which on the contrary, if they were restrained by a due consideration of the limited advantages which could result from them, and the additional fund of information which they might furnish, I should approve without reserve; but when I see the attention of so many directed to the same object, and the eagerness with which a great portion of them fritter away their purpose till it becomes contemptible, I think some endeavours should be used to prevent the mania from extending, and if it were possible to reform and restrain it within proper bounds, so that it might be regarded with respect instead of being viewed (as it now is) with ridicule or disdain.

With respect to the disadvantages which attend their enquiries, I think the unfortunate mistakes which have sometimes been made are most dangerous, since it is well known that the antiquarians have not unfrequently been deceived in matters which they had esteemed rare curiosities, and which were afterwards proved to be impostures. Among these the well-remembered forgeries of Mr. Ireland are perhaps the most remarkable, if we except the poems of the unfortunate Chatterton, which we believe are now universally considered to have been his own productions. The ridicule which generally accompanies these discoveries, is still more fatal; for however the sage and dignified antiquarians may despise opposition of this nature, I consider ridicule a more dangerous weapon to be opposed to them than any other, especially as it receives greater force from the serious occupation against which it is directed. Were learning indeed opposed to learning, the decision might be doubtful, but when it is assailed by the shafts of ridicule, provided they have any foundation in fact, and are directed with ability, they would certainly prove sufficiently formidable to excite apprehensions of the most serious nature.

Another misfortune is, that some ignorant people (in the country particularly) are apt to ascribe wonderful properties, connected with popular events long since past, to things, which a person of common sense might easily discover deserved no such eulogium—hence their contempt is excited and they are induced to believe that the universal pursuit of antiquity ought, in like manner, to be universally despised.

Some injudicious persons also, by introducing the costume of the ancients into modern dress and furniture, have done the Antiquarian considerable injury. I met with an instance of this kind lately in a friend of mine, who was an absolute votary to the fashionable rage for antiquities. "My taste" said he "has experienced some "revolution since I saw you last, for my "wife, catching the same propensity as "myself, or perhaps wishing to humour "my foible in that respect, has been dress-"ing her hair lately in the antique form, "as well as arranging her ornaments by the "same model, and has even ordered a set "of drawing-room chairs to be made from "a design, which she found in a book "which I purchased lately—added to this, "some of the new publications on the sub-"ject, have confined their inquiries to "such trifling objects, and have treated

"them in so contemptible and pedantic a "manner, that, instead of increasing my "wisdom, they made me laugh, and al- "though I respect the pure principle on "which the love of antiquities was origi- "nally founded, as much as ever, the pre- "sent degenerated state of the subject "has almost destroyed all my admira- "tion."—

With his sentiments in general I perfectly coincide, and, in the present instance, I think his remarks are not without foundation. Is it not, likewise, somewhat contradictory, that we should hold the manner of the ancients in such veneration, while we are continually reminded of the enlightened principles of our own times? We are constantly told of the ignorance and obscurity of the darker ages, while, at the same time, we see immense volumes published, which are drawn only from those sources. Let others however reconcile these differences, and while they ascribe to the ancients all the merit to which they are entitled, do justice also to the excellencies which belong to our own times.

In many respects we must allow that superiority to the ancients which we might seek for in vain among our cotemporaries —as in architecture, sculpture, painting, &c. (although these sciences are rapidly improving in this country), and would the Antiquarians direct their pursuit to promote the elucidation and improvement of subjects like these, their labours would be entitled to the highest praise and commendation, for if they permitted their good sense to triumph over the dictates of pride, or obstinacy, they would most assuredly find their recompence in the approbation of a discerning public, and the praise of the sensible and judicious in every rank of life. To confess a fault is indeed a virtue seldom found, but it is no less entitled to our esteem and admiration.

R. S. E.

ANIMAL HUMANITY.

MUCH discussion has lately taken place on the moral treatment of what we call the brute creation. Cowper, whose heart was full of sensibility, finely exclaims, in one part of his 'Task,'

I would not number, in my list of friends,
The man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm!

Dr. Watts, it is well known, extended his humanity towards animals so far as to endeavour to reason himself into the persuasion of their being even immortal. Extraordinary, and perhaps also extravagant, as the doctrine of the immortality of animals may appear to be, still, were it generally believed, its reception would probably tend, more than any other consideration, to excite compassion and respect towards them.

Being in this train of thinking, I am induced to notice the following circumstance, as related by the Rev. Richard Mant, in his sermon, recently published, entitled "Reflections on the Sinfulness of Cruelty to Animals," &c. which was preached by him at All Saints Church, Southampton, on the 16th of last August; and in which the preacher specifies interest and passion and gluttony and caprice and pleasure, as the main sources of the cruelty inflicted on the brute creation.

"I have been credibly informed," says Mr. Mant, "of the following anecdote of a Noblemau of high rank. His attention being one day forcibly arrested by cries of distress proceeding from the kitchen, he inquired the cause, and was told—that they were uttered by a pig, which the cook was then whipping to death, that it might furnish a more exquisite delicacy for his Grace's table! It would be injustice to omit," adds Mr. M. "that his Grace expressed his horror at such an enormity, forbad its repetition, and immediately dismissed the servant who had been guilty of it." I wish that Mr. Mant had recorded the name of his truly humane nobleman.

Nothing can exceed the brutality of the lower orders of people, where their dispositions are ferocious, towards those animals over whom they have authority; but this is but one source of the sufferings of the brute creation. Pigs, it is much to be feared, are not the only creatures whose miseries arise from the gratification of fashionable gluttony. Fowls plucked alive, that they may be tenderer when they are dead; flounders fryed alive; eels and lobsters roasted alive;—these constitute some of the few trivial offences committed in order to "furnish more exquisite delicacies" for the tables of opulence and luxuriousness!

Respecting pigs, however, "I have been credibly informed," that the notion of making them tender, or pleasantly eatable, by some species of preparatory torture, was not confined to the kitchens of nobility, but that, on the contrary, it extended to the hog-stye of the clown. A young friend of mine assured me, not many years since, that it was customary, at the country academy where he boarded for his early education, first to stick a pig in the throat, and then hunt him about the grass-field till he bled to death. So far from any inhumanity being then attached to this species of pig-hunt, the boys were always summoned to it by their schoolmaster, as one of their highest pastimes! Let it be hoped, however, that refined civilization is destined to effect what untutored humanity has failed to accomplish. Knowledge will have done much, if, by liberalizing the mind and ameliorating the heart, it finally corrects our opinions, purifies our manners, and reforms our conduct.

An immoderate degree of ridicule, it appears to me, has been excited against one of our eminent booksellers, Sir Richard Phillips, respecting his forbearance from the use of animal food, and the cause by which he felt himself impelled to forego the nutrition common among other men. There is an unreflecting jocularity about some minds.

Turning to the 'Memoirs of the Public and Private Life of Sir Richard Phillips,' so often quoted, I find the ensuing passage, at pp. 13 and 14, explanatory of his relinquishing animal sustenance. Among the pleasures of the farm, he, then "young Phillips," is stated to have "accounted the care with which he tended, and the attention he bestowed upon, a young heifer. ——— During his sojournment in London, this animal had been killed; and, on the very day of his (Phillips') return to his father's house, he partook of part of his favourite at dinner; without his being made acquainted with the circumstance of its having been slaughtered during his absence. On his learning this, however, he experienced a sudden indisposition; and declared, that so great an effect had the idea of his having eaten part of his slaughtered favourite upon him, that he would never again taste animal food—a vow, to which he has hitherto firmly adhered." I confess there is to me nothing either monstrous or facetious in the foregoing narration.

If indeed, after having "eaten part of his slaughtered favourite" heifer, Sir Richard Phillips had "experienced a sudden indisposition," "without his being made acquainted with the circumstance of its having been slaughtered during his absence,"—if, I observe, this were the case, then might conjecture have been perplexed to account for his subsequent detestation of what is commonly called animal food. "What," as the old adage saith, "the eye ne'er sees, the heart ne'er rues;" and it is well that our modish epicures neither see or hear the processes by which their carnivorous appetites are constantly indulged!

January 1, 1809. *Leon.*

NOVELS AND NOVEL WRITING.

IF (as it has been said by many) we should form a judgment of the public taste by the quantity of books which are published on the same subject, we may safely affirm that Novels and Romances are at present held in higher estimation than any other description of literature. Perhaps more difference of opinion exists, with respect to the degree of merit which ought to be ascribed to them, than on any other subject; as some people condemn them all alike indiscriminately, while others contend that more useful information may be conveyed through the medium of a novel than by any other means.—We have not here noticed that class of readers, although we believe they are the most numerous, who seek only for amusement in a novel, and are consequently more entertained with it, as it abounds more or less with improbabilities, or unnatural representations; as we do not consider that they read with sufficient attention to form any opinion on the subject.—With respect to the first of these (who censure all novels without exception), we do not hesitate to pronounce that their judgment is fettered by prejudice, and not guided by reason or impartiality: for if any one of them would devote a small portion of time to the perusal of a few of our best novels, they would find that whether they sought for morality, wit, humour, or feeling, a correct delineation of society or manners, or a less elevated description of simple nature, they would find them there personified with greater accuracy, and in a style better calculated to secure their effect on the mind of the general reader, than could be met with in the best histories, or the most celebrated treatises the world ever produced. In support of this assertion, we need only refer them to the works of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith, or Sheridan.

Yet, by what is urged above, we would not wish it to be understood, that we so entirely coincide with those of the latter class, as to place novels above every other species of literature:—unfortunately, the immense quantity of meagre and inane publications (to speak of them in no harsher terms), which are constantly published, will effecutually prevent their most zealous admirers from elevating them to so conspicuous a situation; for although every description of writing is copied by a crowd of imitators, to the great depreciation of all, yet as none is so generally read as novels, none therefore is so completely inundated by these imitations, bringing the whole into such general disrepute and contempt. It is however to be regretted, that productions of merit and genius should receive that general stigma of disgrace, which is due only to mischievous and unworthy novels; especially when we consider that men, whose talents and learning have fitted them for writings of a more elevated nature, did not think it derogatory to their character to pen a novel. Dr. Johnson (than whom no man was better calculated for the composition of history, or biography) owes some part of his fame to the production of his Rasselas; and the tales of Voltaire are better known in this country than his histories. As the vehicle of some peculiar tenets or opinions, it has been made use of by writers who would not have condescended to have written a flimsy love-tale. Among these the strongly marked and very impressive novel of Caleb Williams holds a conspicuous rank; and in this class also may be numbered the novels of Holcroft and Dr. Moore. We have also a few political novels, as the Fair Syrian, and a few others.

Novel writers are a class of authors who cannot be characterized, for they are as heterogeneous and different a set of people as can possibly exist. They may, however, be divided perhaps into separate distinctions; which is no less necessary to secure to the deserving that applause to which they are entitled, than to expose the undeserving to the scorn and resentment of the public. Those novels which tend to incul-

cate the principles of religion and morality, provided they are written with that excellence which is necessary to secure the object proposed by them, ought certainly to hold the first rank. Fortunately for the interests of virtue, there are not a few of those; although, perhaps, they do not bear that proportion to the general number, which productions of so estimable a nature ought to hold. Some writers have injudiciously chosen (under a pretence of exhibiting nature in its true form) to introduce descriptions into their writings, which must ever be considered as derogating from that wit and excellence which, in other respects, they so lavishly contain—we allude more particularly here to the novels of Fielding, Smollet, and Cumberland, and it is from these considerations alone, that we are induced to assign a second place only to their productions; yet we would not here be understood to expect that a novel should describe characters, as attaining to absolute perfection, and in no respect deviating from the strict line of virtue. We well know that this is not nature, and to those who should profit by it, it must appear too elevated for imitation; consequently, the proposed effect would be defeated by the very means used to promote its success.—We fear, indeed, that all the good which might have resulted from the example of Pamela, has been counteracted by the very improper descriptions which that work contains.—But, on the other hand, were they to describe the inconvenience produced by imprudence, and the fatal consequences attendant on vice, so as to place their readers on their guard against the seductions of pleasure, or the allurements of folly, much more advantage would result to society; and they might still preserve nature in her true form, without following her to those recesses where delicacy ought to oppose a barrier to their approaches.

In novel-writing, the ladies have procured for themselves a very honourable distinction. The works of Miss Burney will continue to be read with delight, while a brilliant and elegant description of society in its various ranks can please; or if we look for animated descriptions of nature or fertility of invention, Mrs. Radcliffe's romances cannot fail to claim an attention; in our own immediate day, the writings of an Opie, a Hamilton, a Porter, and a West, have well preserved the fame which their predecessors obtained. The late Mr. Smith too (although some may think she has suffered political opinions to pervade her novels too much) is no less entitled to our commendation; and there is an expression of real sorrow in her novels, which render them still more interesting.

But the most numerous class of novels, and they are those which deserve our reprehension, may very fairly be analyzed as having no character; and perhaps what Fielding has said of them in one of his introductory chapters to Tom Jones, may apply better here, than any thing we could urge. Speaking of the injury which would arise to the writers of good novels from the increase of bad ones, he says, "to invent "good stories and tell them well, are pos-"sibly very rare talents, and yet I have ob-"served few persons who scruple to aim at "both; and if we examine the romances "and novels with which the world abounds, "I think we may fairly conclude that most "of the authors would not have attempted "to shew their teeth (if the expression may "be allowed me) in any other way of "writing, nor could indeed have strung "together a dozen sentences on any other "subject whatever." The above observations appear to be so applicable to this description of novels, that I do not think it necessary to say any thing in addition.

Another class of novels, which has increased wonderfully of late, is the satirical kind. These seem to have taken their rise principally from the success which the "Winter in London" experienced on its publication; a success to which we cannot think it was entitled, although it far surpasses most of those which have appeared in imitation of it. Among the latter, the novels of a writer who assumes the title of Charles Sedley, appear to us to deserve particular reprehension; not more on account of the contemptible and disgusting style in which they are written, than for that licentiousness and malignity which seem

to be their only recommendation with the public.

Of such novels as these, and others, which tend only to delude the youthful imagination, and to lead the judgment astray, we cannot speak in terms of sufficient abhorrence; and sorry are we to find, that females should so far forget the relative duty which they owe to their own sex, as to practice, with unblushing effrontery, vice in its most alluring form. Yet it would be injustice to condemn all novel-writers for the errors of a few; and while we turn with disgust from the pages of a Charlotte Dacre, let us not fail to bestow due praise on the chaste and interesting tales of a Sydney Owenson: rather let us applaud, with redoubled ardour, those authors who make virtue their continual aim, and thus shall we contribute, most effectually, to rescue Novels from the disrepute into which they have fallen, and raise them to that distinguished situation which they deserve to hold in the annals of British literature.

R. S. E.

THE COURTING BACHELOR.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

EXAMINING the different considerations which would excite in me the love of life, I perceived only one motive that induced me to cherish existence,—the delightful relationships of husband and father! Celibacy, therefore, never entered into my estimate of human happiness. Attached to candour, my views have always been honest and legitimate; because my pride was to become a good husband, and a good father of a family. Seven times have I been enamoured!—Is it not enough? And is it not unfortunate that, in all those attachments, I never found one woman for myself?

My first love—ah! 'tis the only one that yet causes my tears to flow!—was for a gentle and innocent girl, whom I regarded with all the devotion of original attachment, and by whom I was as tenderly beloved. Death separated us. I seemed hastening towards the grave in which she was deposited. Never can I obliterate the recollection of this amiable innocent!

After some years of misery, mingled with indifference, a beauteous fair-one reanimated my heart. I exerted every effort to become pleasing to her, and believed myself to have succeeded. She received my attentions kindly; and often sighed, when I ventured to pronounce the word love. Behold her (I thought with ravishment) who will be the companion of my life! I declared to her my passion. She immediately interrupted me; but assured me of her tender friendship, of which she was about to give me one proof. It was now that she confided to me an attachment, long since conceived by her, for a particular young man, and her resolution to marry him only.

Since in renouncing my last tender and pretty fair, however disappointed, I had not renounced the hope of being happy in marriage, I addressed my vows to a third object; young, and beautiful as an angel. She accepted my protestations with testimonies of respect, but as if she supposed herself fairly entitled to the homage of admiration. Amelia, fired with her beauty and spirit, dreamed solely of multiplying her conquests, and considered it as beneath her to consecrate herself to the happiness of any individual singly. When I talked merely of love, she tolerated me; but I was dismissed, the instant that the word marriage escaped my lips. I quitted Amelia, entering into myself, and sufficiently mortified by her refusal: yet, as her charms had more affected me than her disposition, I endured less regret than vexation.

Nothing raises the spirits so much as mingled emotions of regret and anger. Opening my window, to breathe awhile, my eyes fixed themselves mechanically on the street,—when a young brunette, high

and piquant, crossed it; I knew her momentarily, though she had never before attracted my attention. I was struck by the elegant turning of her form; and it occurred to my mind, rapidly as lightning, to vex the haughty Amelia, by paying my court to this young brunette. This new idea soon became a fixed project, connected, as usual in my mind, with those images of matrimony which always embellished my imagination when contemplating each successive object of my fond attachment. I approached her; I followed her assiduously; I omitted no opportunity of making her acquainted with my real sentiments. She did not seem desirous to postpone the communication I most wished; when, suddenly and all at once, her parents informed me—'That my frequent visits did them honour; that they begged me to continue my visits, and always to interest myself as one of the friends of their family; but they felt it proper to apprise me, at the same time, that their daughter had long been promised, in marriage, to a very rich man, of another town, whose arrival was shortly expected; and they prayed me, as their friend, to give no offence to the betrothed husband of their daughter.' My young friend gave me to understand she would herself have preferred me; but that, considering all things, she must obey her parents. Her expected spouse arrived. He was fine, he was amiable; and I found, very soon, my young brunette submitted to her destiny without evincing any reluctance.

I had now, after so many disappointments, become timid and depressed. Scarcely did I dare to look upon woman, fearful of being again enamoured; but my love soon overcame my fears, and, for this time, I was seriously ensnared into tenderness. I loved passionately; yet with such mistrust, so much apprehension of disappointment, that I could not bring myself to disclose my passion even to her by whom it was inspired. Four times every day did I regularly pass by her windows; and whenever I had the felicity of seeing her, I bowed my hat, almost to the ground, with an air of the most respectful tenderness. After some days passed in this duty, she became frequently visible to me; sometimes placing herself in the balcony, and answering my salutations with a gentle laugh. Overcome with joy, I now occupied myself in concerting means to approach her more nearly. One day, passing as usual before her house, and while, to prolong the pleasure of contemplating her, I slackened my pace, I heard her laugh aloud, crying, to some person within her room,—'Come, I pray you, my dear friend! come quickly, and see this man: he is quite ridiculous enough!' A young man now came forwards, passed his arms round her waist, laughed heartily with her, and followed me with his eyes. I departed faster than I had approached the fatal house; and learned, shortly after, that the young man had married my fancied mistress just two days before.

So sad an adventure, which ought to have completely humbled my matrimonial expectations, infused into me, on the contrary, new courage. Resolved to be no longer the dupe of feeling, but to marry at all events, I sought the society of young people; and, addressing myself to the female whose appearance most pleased me, I entreated an interview with her, which she conceded.—'Are you free,' said I, the moment we met together, on the morrow. 'Yes,' answered she; 'absolutely at liberty.' 'Will you then accept my heart and hand?' 'One and the other,' said she, laughingly, and tendering me her own hand. I believed myself directly married. Happily, however, before the nuptial ceremony took effect, I discovered the situation into which I was precipitating myself. She was unfaithful; and, Heaven be praised! she was not then my wife.

Many precautions are necessary (thought I); one must study long, and carefully, her who is to be our companion for life! Let me, nevertheless, try the experiment once more.

My seventh choice was reasonable and discreet. I selected a charming and respectable young girl, who had not yet loved. I sedulously watched all her ways, all her steps: without declaring my ob-

ject, I was incessantly the spy of her manners and actions. I had not consumed less than one quarter of the year in this vigilant observation, and, satisfied with her, was about offering up myself to her, when, in the moment most unlooked for by me, she preferred above me a man who had not been acquainted with her more than four days! Here was my last temptation, since I never could afterwards resolve to enter into new amours. Still do I love the women; but this sentiment is accompanied with such depression, that I cannot venture to address them again.

C.

NATIONAL VARIETIES OF THE DRAMA.

ESSAY 3D.

I have sometimes been inclined to think, that interruptions in the periods of learning, were they not attended with such a destruction of ancient books, and the records of history, would be rather favourable to the arts and sciences, by breaking the progress of authority, and dethroning the tyrannical usurpation over human reason. HUME.

THERE is no tyranny against which mankind ought to be more guarded than literary despotism: the dogmatic critic endeavours to hold the mind in thraldom, and to confine its exertions within the pale of his self-attributed infallibility. From whatsoever sources his regulations may be deduced; whether from the authority of precedents, from the reasonings of individuals, or from the general testimony of popular approbation at any particular era, they ought in all cases to be received with suspicion;—to be registered with hesitating precaution, equal to that, with which the senate of a republic registers the edicts of a temporary dictator. It has been asserted, and by no less authority than the elegant author of the Hermes, that the rules of critical legislation have ever existed—"that they have always made a part of "that immutable truth, the natural object "of every penetrating genius; and that if "at that early Greek period, systems of "rules were not established, those great "and sublime authors were a rule unto "themselves." By the same train of thinking, we may arrive at the assertion that the constitution of England, or any other system of laws founded on the elements of social justice, has existed from eternity. The principles of virtue, of wisdom and taste, have, indeed, no commencement; and it is to those principles that the patriot, the philosopher and the poet, ought to devote their attention; not to the modifications of them by human ingenuity, which has always been occasioned by particular circumstances. It is not less absurd to require a modern tragedian to adhere to the plan of the Grecian Drama, than it would be to insist that the British nation should immediately adopt the laws and religion of Athens. The more extensive the natural principles which actuate the human powers, the more varied will be the modes of adaptation belonging to them: but the principles of taste and imagination are infinite, while those of right and wrong which form the basis of virtue, as well as those of liberty and power, which are the foundation of political wisdom, have their limits; nevertheless, in surveying the face of the globe, how many varieties of habits and manners, how many distinct forms of social policy! man reasons every where from the same elements of truth, but how various are his deductions! On what argument then are the critics to found the authority of a certain set of rules for the subjugation of the most extensive powers of the human mind? Are nations to have less liberty of thought

than of action—of mind than of body? Religion itself is divided into a thousand sects, who deduce the varieties of their tenets from their different interpretation of about a dozen phrases in scripture:—and are not poets to be allowed any mercy, if they wander from the path which critical opinion hath chalked out for their feet, although the unwritten book of nature offers to each a different page, and directs each a different way?

The weight of this mental authority was no where more preponderate than at Rome. The subjugation of the world by the force of her arms, was not so complete, nor so extensive, as the subjugation of the genius of her sons by the force of the Grecian literature. So subdued was that nation, before whom the universe trembled, by the impressive dignity of the poets and critics of Greece, that not a Roman dared to look up to nature except through a Grecian medium. It is lamentable to observe the powerful mind of Virgil bowing in servile obedience to Homer and Theocritus; and to hear that Terence and Afranius, the boasted comic writers of Rome, were no more than the humble translators of Menander. When such a want of self-confidence reigned over the polished part of the globe, and all the soporific effects of debasing luxury were thereto superadded; we are almost ready to conclude that the sweeping inroads of devastating ignorance were become necessary to demolish that veneration which rendered man the imitator of man, and began to teach him to admire even the imitators of imitators.

It is, indeed, dreadful to contemplate these ages, when every spark of genius was extinguished, and mankind was reduced to a situation more deplorable than if learning and the sciences had never illuminated the horizon. The lowest superstitions and the most degenerated part of knowledge survived the destruction, because they were the best adapted to the understandings of the conquerors, and had likewise obtained the most extensive dominion over the minds of the conquered. Attaching themselves to a new religion, which was scarcely understood, they destroyed its purity, and filled its churches with the broken remnants of the vilest paganism. The knowledge that survived was little more than that barbarism of scholastic logic, into which the human mind, when it has but few principles for the reasoning powers, has been found to degenerate in all ages and climates; and which is to be met with among the sophists of Greece, the bonzes of China and the monks of Europe.

Six centuries were engulphed in this depth of mental inanity: during which period some individuals made attempts at recovering the powers of literary composition, but as the manners and ideas of the times were replete with extravagance and superstitious follies, their exertions were disfigured with absurdities and enfeebled with frivolities. Nevertheless, many of the earliest authors of modern Italy gave proofs of the astonishing strength of the human mind, when unshackled by the authority of criticism; and although no entire pieces appeared, entitled to the rank of classical productions, yet many passages in Dante, and other writers, are sufficient to testify, that it is not the study of precedents which leads the genius of man to a knowledge of the natural laws of composition.

It has been questioned whether the discoveries of copies of the Roman and Grecian authors were favourable or not to the exertions of genius. In the revival of Dramatic exhibitions the influence of these revered writings was very great; the pieces which we possess under the name of Seneca, were revived among the first performances in the Court of Florence and in Rome. Imitations of them became the exercises of aspiring students; and latin tragedies were written, upon numerous scriptural subjects, in which the Aristotlean laws were observed, with greater precision than can be discovered in the compositions of the ancients. A more extended species of Drama had indeed appeared in Spain. The long contentions between two people so distinct as the Christians and the Moors, who divided the Peninsula between them, had given rise to numerous interesting adventures, and imparted a wild romantic character to the

pages of their history; from such sources the Drama drew subjects far more generally engaging than any of the fables of antiquity. Upon the same scene the comic buffoonery of the peasant and the heroic manners of the prince were united; and Love, "the disguised god of all the devotion of Spain," overpowered every other motive of action, and took entire possession of the stage. From the influence of the Spaniards over Europe, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, originated many of the traits which distinguish the modern Theatres of the present day. "Les Espagnols," says Voltaire, "avaient sur tous les Theatres "de l'Europe, la même influence que dans "les affaires publiques; leur goût dominait "ainsi que leur politique: et même en "Italie leurs comédies ou leurs tragi-comé-"dies obtenaient la préférence chez une "nation qui avait *l'Aminte*, et *le Pastor* "*Fido*, et qui étant la premiere qui eût "cultivé les arts, semblait plutôt faite "pour donner les loix à la litterature que "pour en recevoir." *

It was France, at that time the most powerful rival of Spanish greatness, who opposed most violently the universal dominion of the Spanish Drama, even while she owed her two best dramatic pieces, *Le Cid* and *Le Menteur* of Corneille, to the people whom she considered as her natural enemies. *Corneille* in the dedication of his comedy, gives the following pleasing account of his larcenies. "En un mot, ce "n'est ici qu'une copie d'un excellent ori-"ginal qu'il (*Lope de Vèga*) a mis au jour "sous le titre de *La Sospechosa Verdad*, et "me fiant sur notre Horace, qui donne "liberté de tout oser aux poëtes, ainsi "qu'aux peintres, j'ai cru que, nonobstant "la guerre des deux couronnes, il m'etait "permis de trafiquer en Espagne. Si cette "sorte de commerce était un crime, il y a "long-temps que je serais coupable, je ne "dis pas seulement pour *le Cid*, ou je me "me suis aidé de *D. Guillen de Castro*; "mais aussi pour *Médeé*, dont je viens de "parler, & pour *Pompée* meme: ou pen-"sant me fortifier du secour de deux latins, "j'ai pris celui de deux espagnols, *Seneque* "et *Lucain* étant tous deux de *Cordove*. "Ceux qui ne voudront pas me pardonner "cette intelligence avec nos ennemis, ap-"prouveront du moins que je pille chez "eux; et soit qu'on fasse passer ceci pour "un larcin, ou pour un emprunt, je m'en "suis trouvé si bien, que je n'ai pas envie "que ce soit le dernier que je ferai chez "eux."* But so attached were the French to the rules of Aristotle, that Corneille is angry with some of his zealous partizans for declaring, "that it could be of little "consequence whether it was or was not "written according to the precepts of "Aristotle, which precepts Aristotle had "devized for his own age and for the "Greeks, and not for our age and for the "poets of France." Thus we perceive the father of the French theatre resigning that

* The Spaniards possessed over the theatres of Europe the same influence as in public affairs: their taste took the lead as well as their policy: and even in Italy, their comedies and tragi-comedies obtained the preference,—even in a nation which had the *Aminta* and the *Pastor-Fido*, and which, being the first that had cultivated the arts, seemed ordained rather to give laws to literature than to receive them.

* In a word, this is nothing more than the copy of an excellent original, published by him (*Lopez de Vega*), under the title of *La Sospechosa Verdad*; and confiding in the instructions of our Horace, who gives poets as well as painters the liberty of noble daring, I believed, that in spite of the war between the two crowns, I had every right and sufferance of trade with Spain. If this species of commerce is to be considered a crime, I have for a long time indeed been a criminal. I do not say on account of *Le Cid* alone, in which I enriched myself from *Don Julien de Castro*; but also for the *Medea*, of which I have just now spoken, and even for my tragedy of *Pompey*: in both these, while I believed that I was strengthening myself with the succour of two Romans, I found that I had allied myself to two Spaniards; for Seneca and Lucan were both of Cordova. Those who may be unwilling to forgive me for this intelligence with our enemies, will at least approve of my plundering them: and whether this comedy passes for a theft or a loan, I am so well pleased with it myself, that I have no intention to let it be the last from the same quarter.

liberty to which he owed his highest reputation, founded on the only composition of real sensibility that he had ever produced, to the servile subjection which critical authority had usurped over mankind, and to the prejudices of ignorance by which it was sustained.

It appears necessary to consider, in this place, what was the nature of that imitation which influenced the Romans with respect to the Greeks, and the French with respect to the Romans. For this purpose, I shall select the Œdipus of Seneca and Sophocles, and the Medea of Corneille and Seneca.

When one author takes the subject of a drama from another, and retains much of the original in his own performance, we may certainly conclude that the alterations are intended to be improvements. A love of magnificence and pompous declamation seems to have been the leading principle of the Romans, in adapting the tragedies of Greece to their extensive and costly theatres. The enormous expense attending the *spectacle* of the Roman drama is notorious: Livy calls it an infatuation. "Inter alia "rum parva principia rerum, ludorum "quoque prima origo ponenda visa est: "ut adpareret, quam ab sans initio res in "hanc vix opulentis regnis tolerabilem "insaniam venerit."* On stages of an enormous extent, the pleasure of the eye must be the principal object; and whatever is addressed to the ear must necessarily consist of vociferation rather than tenderness.

The *Œdipus* of Sophocles opens in the most pathetic manner, but the awful sensibility which it excites would have been lost on the Roman stage. The chorus, consisting of priests and of the inhabitants of Thebes, are discovered sitting in silent affliction around the palace gates of Œdipus, who, as he comes on the stage, thus addresses them:—

"My children! last of Cadmus' ancient race!
"Why sit ye thus before me crown'd with
"boughs
"Of supplication?—Incense fills the streets—
"And canticles are heard—and sighs—and
"groans!
* * * * * * * * * *
"Speak out, old man—(for thee, before the rest,
"It doth become to speak thy sorrow)—say
"What do ye dread or bear?—hard were my
"heart
"If I could view ye seated mournful thus,
"And not lament with you!"... ....

The old man, who is the priest of Jupiter, describes the horrors of the pestilence, and implores Œdipus to afford them succour; either by his own wisdom, or by consulting the oracles. The speech of the priest is exquisitely beautiful, but it is too long to be translated in this place. The reply of Œdipus is full of tenderness.

"My wretched children! what ye ask is
"known—
"(Ah, in what manner should it be unknown?)
"To all my thoughts.—Well know I what ye
"bear,
"Yet none of you that bear this weight of woe,
"Bear woe that equals mine. Among you each
"Sustains his own—no more.—I mourn for
"all—
"For the whole state—myself—and each of
"you!
"Think not that thou awokest me from deep
"sleep:—
"Thou art not to be told what tears I've shed,
"What agony of anxious cares impels
"My restless actions: what I could devise
"Of aid or remedy, that have I used."....

The Œdipus of Seneca commences in a very different style. The monarch himself gives a florid account of the pestilence, and mingles some sententious philosophy and inflated imagery with passages taken from Sophocles. The following hath strength of description, but no tenderness: it possesses point, but wants expression:

"Nec ulla pars immunis, &c." Ver. 53.)

"No part is free from desolation: every age,
"And either sex together perish: the dire
"plague

* Among the small commencements of other things, it seems proper to place the origin of dramatic exhibitions; that it may be apparent from what an inoffensive beginning they have arrived at the height of infatuated expensiveness, scarcely to be borne by the revenues of opulent kingdoms.

" Blends young with old, and fathers with their
" sons!
" One torch suffices for the nuptial couch—
" For husband and for wife!—yet doth no
" dirge—
" No lamentation meet the funeral rites;—
" Death, with relentless and repeated griefs,
" Hath dried all eyes; and, as in deep despair,
" Tears are no more! Lo, here, a Sire, de-
" ceased,
" Bears to the flames his son:—there, mad with
" woe,
" One with his mother's body, hastening swift
" That he may place upon the self-same pyre
" His brother's corse. Grief rises fresh 'mid
" grief.
" The mourners drop around the friend they
" mourn.
" The crowded corses catch each other's flame.
" The burning brands are stol'n with sacred
" theft.
" The wretched know no sense of shame: no
" tombs
" In separate order veil the sacred bones.
" T' have burnt the corse suffices—ah! how
" much
" Remains ungathered 'mid the trodden dust."

Then follows this extravagant line:

" *Deest terra tumulis:—jam rogos sylvæ ne-*
" *gant.*"

" Earth fails for graves:—the woods deny us
" pyres."

In Sophocles we find that Œdipus hath, before the commencement of the dramatic action, sent Creon to consult the oracle of Apollo. Creon returns during the first act, and declares the enigmatical response of the divinity. Concerning the explanation of this response, Œdipus interrogates the prophet Tiresias. An excellent scene ensues, in which Tiresias, with expressive reluctance, refrains from pronouncing the explanation required of him, until Œdipus, irritated at his refusal, urges him with violence; and he asserts that Œdipus is himself the object alluded to by the response of the oracle.

Tiresias—" Thou art thyself the murderer
" whom thou seek'st."

The irritation of a virtuous mind, rejecting the accusation of such enormous guilt, is finely depicted through the remainder of this scene. No dramatic character can require more virtuous elevation than that of Œdipus: it is only because we see him in no respect intentionally criminal, that we are induced to pity his situation; we feel ourselves called upon to commiserate in the generous and conscientious sentiments of a spirit which hath struggled to avoid all crime, but which, in spite of the efforts of the most provident conduct, is overwhelmed with that enormity of guilt which harrows up reflection. This clearly appears to have been the idea of Sophocles. The suspicion which Œdipus entertains of the designs of Creon, is the natural result of a sense of his own innocence. Seneca, even in passages directly imitated from the Greek, seems not aware of this delicacy in the character of Œdipus; and while Sophocles puts nothing more than expressions of strong and angry mistrust in the mouth of his principal character, we find the Roman philosopher giving him sentences of such cruel policy as would have suited a Nero. Œdipus, accusing Creon of machinations against him, excuses himself thus,

" *Dubia pro certis solent timere reges.*"
" The fears of kings make certitude of doubt."

——

....." *Odia qui nimium timet,*
" *Regnare necit. Regna custodit metus.*"
" He who feats hatred knows not how to reign:
" Suspicion guards the sceptre."

But such alterations belong as much to the genius of the author, as to the national characteristics of the drama: to the latter alone we are to assign the pomp of the sacrifice which Seneca has introduced, instead of the scene before noticed. This is admirably adapted to the taste of a superstitious people, who are said to have never undertaken the smallest affair without the previous consultation of omens. Tiresias, and his daughter Manto, preside over the rites: the different appearances of the flame, the position of the victims, the number of wounds under which they expire, the course and quantity of their blood, the form and place of their entrails, are all minutely detailed. The wine poured on the altar becomes black gore; the smoke gathers in clouds round the head of the king; the bull, placed with his head to-

wards the east, turns to avoid the light of the sun; the blood runs over his forehead and his eyes; the entrails are super-naturally agitated; the heart is shrivelled and deformed, its veins are livid, its fibres are broken; the liver is frothy with gall; the lungs lie not on the right side, nor the heart on the left; in the bowels of the heifer a living embrio moves; and (to conclude)

" The lifeless members quiver: livid gore
" Hangs on the morbid fibres in dark drops:
" The mangled carcases, all ghastly, rise,
" And step forth tremblingly, and towards the
" priests
" Direct their drooping horns.....
* * * * * * * *
" The noise thou hear'st is not the deep toned
" herd:
" The cattle, terrified, stand silent round.
" The noise thou hear'st is from the heavy
" flame,
" That, while the altar trembles, lows aloud."

That such a detail of prodigies should affect a Roman audience with the most impressive terror, will not be surprising to any one who has been accustomed to Livy, and other historians: it seems to have been introduced by Seneca, for the sole purpose of gratifying this fondness for supernatural occurrences. He has certainly degraded the high prophetic character drawn by Sophocles, who makes the sightless Tiresias already acquainted with the events of futurity, without the recurrence to any vague and auxiliary art. Seneca makes him a common diviner, whose knowledge depends upon external signs and omens: a character highly revered among the Romans indeed, but far inferior to that of an inspired prophet.

In my next essay I shall continue this examination with that between the Medea of Corneille and Seneca. My purpose is to establish this position, that no form of drama, thus varied in imitation from one nation to another, can ever rise to any degree of excellence; but, at every remove, will become more and more distant from true genius, as it becomes more and more deformed with tasteless excrescenses. Authors whose imaginations are wholly impregnated by models and public prejudices, lose sight of nature and bring forth monsters:—when these monsters (as they sometimes do) obtain the applause of a senseless age, other monsters are generated from them, and the stage becomes the *menagerie* of grotesque tragedies, melo-drames, and operas.

T. N.

POETS LAUREATE.

The courtly Laureate pays
His quit-rent Ode, his pepper-corn of praise.—
COWPER.

WHILÆ "the year of our Lord God," be it spoken with submission, regularly begins on the first of the month called January, still the royal year, witness Mr. Pye's Ode for the New Year, does not commence before the eighteenth day of the said month of January. What we distinguish as the year of fashion takes it date still later. The judicial year, as well as the theatrical year, began some time before the termination of the natural year. It is but recently, however, that they commenced the opera year; and we have just entered on the parliamentary year. Our ministerial year, it should be observed, sometimes lasts, like our civic year, all the year.

I do not conceive it of consequence to particularise any other description of year; excepting, indeed, the social year and the paying year—of which years, while the former is generally recognised as commencing on the first day of January afore-

mid, the latter is always postponed, if possible, until the month of March following. There are, I know, the Old New-year's Day and the New New-year's Day: but is it worth attention, in this our day, to enter into any description of the merits of the distinction made, by some few persons only, between those two eras?

It is the business then of Henry James Pye, Esq. (whom I have already named), as Poet Laureate to his Majesty, to usher in our royal year, with some stanzas assuming the form of the Ode, and properly prepared for the august occasion. This, however, is not the only "quit-rent ode" tributarily exacted from the regal laureate. He is also fully expected to celebrate, with his annual poetics, the birth-day of his sovereign and leige lord.

These difficult duties would admit of being divided. What should hinder the present Queen's most gracious patronage being extended to some 'Volunteer Laureate,' as in the instance of Queen Caroline to Richard Savage? Mr. Savage, who had been disappointed in obtaining the laurel on the death of Eusden, resolved to apply to her Majesty (consort of George 2.), "and therefore published a short poem on her birth-day, to which he gave the odd title of Volunteer Laureate." Savage, according to his own account of this affair, "had not at that time a friend either to get him introduced, or his poem presented at court; yet such was the unspeakable goodness of that Princess, notwithstanding this act of ceremony was wanting, in a few days after publication, Mr. Savage received a bank-bill of fifty pounds, and a gracious message from her Majesty, by the Lord North and Guilford, to this effect: 'That her Majesty was highly pleased with the verses; that she took particularly kind his lines relating to the King; that he had permission to write annually on the same subject; and that he should yearly receive the like present, till something better (which was her Majesty's intention) could be done for him.' After this he was permitted to present his Annual Poems to her Majesty, had the honour of kissing her hand, and met with the most gracious reception."

Such was the consideration attached, by Queen Caroline, to a Volunteer Laureate; and I am far from thinking that Mr. Pye would imitate the irritable example set him by Mr. Cibber, were her present Majesty, our Queen Charlotte, so pleased to extend her royal favour to another Annual Poet.—"He therefore," says Dr. Johnson, with reference to his friend Savage, "assumed the title of 'Volunteer Laureate' not without some reprehensions from Cibber, who informed him, that the title of 'Laureate" was a mark of honour conferred by the King (from whom all honour is derived), and which, therefore, no man had a right to bestow upon himself; and added, that he might with equal propriety style himself a Volunteer Lord or Volunteer Baronet." Savage, who was sufficiently conscious of the exalted patronage his annual poems had attracted, continued "to bestow upon himself," notwithstanding Cibber's "reprehensions," the style of Volunteer Laureate; and regularly received his royal remuneration.

Instead of being sanguine, however, as to the appointment of a Volunteer Laureate, I entertain some apprehension that the office of Laureate is in danger of entire abolition. As the only vestige of the Royal Minstrel, I should regret to see the laureateship destroyed. Were the laurel entrusted to the culture of skilful hands, its unfading foliage might still encircle, with steady dignity, the brows of majesty!

Musæus.

THE ARBITRATOR.

No. 15.

EVANGELICAL MONOPOLIZATION.

All might within discern the Serpent's pride,
If, from ourselves, ourselves did nothing hide!

WALLER.

IT seems surprising how little attention the progress of SECTARIAN LITERATURE has hitherto excited. Combinations are formed and announced, in almost every direction, as expressly established for the diffusion of some particular tenets or principles, without awakening enquiry; and these associations are suffered, without experiencing any laudable counteraction, to proceed towards the accomplishment of objects absolutely incompatible with the general interests of society. If these things were not continually done, and by their frequency become too familar to engage immediate notice, any reasonable man must be astonished at the impunity with which they are transacted.

Mr. Burke has somewhere stated, with his accustomed discernment, that if he were exclusively entrusted, for the space of one year, with the management of the printed journals of this country, and thereby enabled to tell his own story daily, he would not despair of acquiring the most perfect command over the opinions of his compatriots. France long evinced to us the importance of controuling the press; and the EVANGELICAL SCHISMATICS, it now appears, are about to copy, in this respect, the policy of our political enemy. Not content with their "pisgah of the pulpit," they have established a Magazine and two Newspapers, purchased the interest of one of the Reviews, and formed a pious fraternity of Publishers!!!—And this they have done, these disinterested defenders of the faith, for the pure purpose of evangelising their unevangelised countrymen! Every body knows they have an 'Evangelical Magazine;' but every one does not know that this Pious Junta boast, in 'The Instructor' and 'The Family Gazette,' two weekly newspapers, or that they have lately bought up 'The Eclectic Review.' Here, then, are no less than four direct Evangelical Periodical Publications; besides Doctor Collyer's monthly 'Evangelical Preacher,' and other spontaneous productions from the hot-bed of the 'United Theological Booksellers.' Mr. Styles, it should be added, seems to have received a general literary retaining-fee, as Writing-pleader for the EVANGELICAL CONFEDERATION, whensoever, or by whomsoever, the common interests of the association are assailed.

Some readers may not have forgotten the time when Mr. Wilberforce, filled with religious antipathy to our seventh-day newspapers, or, as they are vulgarly styled, Sunday Papers, determined to abolish, by legislative authority, those "national nuisances" altogether. He did not persist in his hudibrastic warfare against newspaper licentiousness; but the spirit of puritanic persecution, by which he was momentarily actuated, immediately diffused its pious contagion, and continued to infect numbers of otherwise well-disposed people.

Twelve months have not elapsed since the Editor of 'the Phœnix,' Mr. Blagdon, on his promulging his weekly newspaper to the world, imagined it eligible to intimate that "Christian Families," who conscientiously declined purchasing any News on Sunday, might still buy the Monday's edition of his Phœnix! How far this saving clause served Mr. Blagdon's purpose, I know not; for there soon appeared another weekly newspaper, by the proprietors of which ('The Instructor') it is stated, after-

starting with the awful words "Profanation of the Sabbath," that, in order to obviate the objection of its being at all got up on the seventh day, 'The Instructor' was published every Wednesday, "conducted by Ministers of Evangelical Principles;" and, "instead of being filled up with the buffooneries of the stage, and frivolities of the day, which only tend to corrupt and vitiate the mind, replete with things instructive and edifying, such as all serious people wish to sanction."

The next of the evangelical newspapers, which makes it appearance on every Monday, is 'The Family Gazette.' Many persons having being betrayed into the support of Sunday Papers by purchasing the Monday's Edition of them, the greater part of the letter-press being the same as appeared on the previous day, such persons are now assured, in order to relieve their betrayed consciences, "that no part whatever of the Sunday shall be employed in the preparation of the Family Gazette."

Still the circle of periodical literature was not evangelically accomplished. It remained to procure, in addition to an Evangelical Magazine and two Evangelical Newspapers, and one periodical Evangelical Preacher, an Evangelical Monthly Review. "Numerous persons, of various christian denominations," says the Evangelical Magazine for December 1808, announcing this last evangelical desideratum, "who have interested themselves in promoting the circulation of the 'Eclectic Review,' as a seasonable and necessary antidote to the scepticism and irreligion of modern periodical and other publications, will be gratified with the information that the Conductors of that Work are highly satisfied with its growing prosperity, and have the most entire confidence that it will be permanently and extensively useful." Of the religious bearing of the 'Eelectic Review,' the following passage is decisive.—"The third and last letter," observes the same Magazine, for January 1809, in its account of one of *Mr. Styles's* productions, "considers the present state of Literature and of the Reviews, and their [the Reviews] avowed hostility, with the *exception* of the *Eclectic*, to *Evangelical Religion*," &c. These evangelicalians, it must be admitted, have shewn great dexterity in securing the countenance of one critical tribunal to their cause. So miserable are the effusions of the evangelical printing-presses, and so utterly are they unknown to general readers, that even the 'Eclectic Review' may succeed in giving something of publicity to their writers!

The consummation of evangelization, however, is the formation of the Society styling themselves the 'United Theological Booksellers,' who though affecting to have affiliated themselves "for the purpose of printing and selling *theological* books upon *enlarged principle*," yet "do not hesitate, to declare their *decided* attachment to *evangelical* truth." I know nothing of "the thinking persons" who are represented as having considered the establishment of this Society "a desideratum in the religious world;" but, engaged as it is in the work of evangelising, and asserting "there are particulars connected with it which cannot with propriety be stated" openly, I certainly do think that its proceedings should be vigilantly watched. When common sense and common theology are alike exposed to imminent danger, it is high time for the admirers of reason and religion to become alert in their defence.

"At a time," says the last Address of the Eclectic Reviewers, "when periodical works have acquired a circulation, and an influence on the minds of men, unprecedented in the annals of literature, the 'Eclectic Review' is presumed to have peculiar and very urgent claims to public favour." These evangelical electricians, wise in their day and generation, pretty well understand how it is that "periodical works" particularly religious magazines and religious reviews, "influence the minds of men!" While they are thus thirsting after power, they nevertheless prudently declare that, hating covetousness, their work "was not instituted, like ordinary periodical works, with a view to private emolument." They, on the contrary, most evangelically benevolent, "are pledged to devote the profits of its sale"—of which

profits, by the way, it is understood there have been *none*!—"to the funds of a Society for circulating the Holy Scriptures." Why are not the profits of the 'Eclectic Review' now consigned, as well as the publication itself, to the right-trusty and 'United Theological Booksellers' of our good City of London? Paternoster Row seems quite near enough to Stationers' Court; nor is Snow Hill very far from the two former. I apprehend, indeed, only one objection to such an avowed arrangement—it might have proved, at present, imprudent; and evangelical transgressors may be guilty of what they please, if they do but transgress with prudence. Till their concerted measures have become more matured, it would not be politic in them to indicate the extent of their designs.

I know not what impression my exposition of the evangelicalians will make on the "minds of men;" but of this I feel convinced, that Professor Robinson's far-famed 'Conspiracy' was not more pregnant with mischief, though differing in character and circumstances, than this Evangelical Confederacy! There exits an evident combination, on the part of the evangelicalians, to possess themselves of the passes of ordinary communication in civilised society; and to introduce, instead of intelligence and liberty, mental fanaticism and tyranny. Let not sensible minds amuse themselves with ridiculing the projects of enthusiastic emulation. These men, of whom I have been speaking, have long since counted the cost of the undertaking in which they are embarked. As their ends are gigantic, so are their means not inadequate; they have both the inclination and power to accomplish their great object. They have the inclination of bigotry, and the power of the purse. Wise as the serpent, but not harmless as the dove, they preserve, amidst a sneakingness wholly irreconcileable with real sanctity, a dexterity of ambition, which, if it were more elevated, would be honourably diabolical. Assumed liberality, and concealed malignity; a pretended spirit of toleration, combined with the most rancorous predilection for persecution; an affected public reverence for those institutions which they are in secret labouring to destroy, and the practice of refusing to others the very freedom they claim for themselves,—if these qualities, or such as these, entitle any number of men to respect and confidence, perhaps the EVANGELICAL MONOPOLISTS may, at length, contrive to deserve well of their country! Let it be hoped, nevertheless, that some resistance is to be successfully opposed against this impending evangelical desolation; and that, by timely and vigorous precautions, we may avert those circumstances in which the expostulatory verses of Milton, to the puritanic persecutors of his age, will again become applicable.

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd:
— — — — — — — — — —
Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be nam'd and printed heretics
By shallow C——s and Scotch what-d'ye-call!

January 18, 1809. MENTOR.

SATIRÆMANIA.

O! major tandem parcas *insane* minori!

ALL sorts of animals are said to be inclined to some species of madness, which attacks them at various periods of their existence: it is, therefore, no wonder if this is found to be particularly the case with the human species. With all our pride of intellect, we have still this pre-eminence to boast, that the madness to which we are prone is more extensive, more malicious, and more inextinguishable than that of any

other Being. Man, although a gregarious animal, is notorious for entertaining, individually, a violent hatred to his species. Pride excites him to extol himself personally, and to condemn his race in the mass. It is from this impulse that he delights in satire, or rather in scandal and malice. Observe that table—the viands that oppress it are plenteous and exquisite: the countenances around it bespeak hilarity and good fellowship. But what so suddenly arrests their attention?—Why do they all bend instinctively to that meagre, colourless monster; whose sallow lips are puckered up into the grin of malice, while they give utterance to the ebullitions of his spleen? The half-raised mouthful grows cold upon the points of the fork; the open mouth forgets the morsel it expected; and seems only intent to swallow—not honey from the lips of the speaker, but gall—the overflowing gall of a malicious heart.

Under the name of satire, we pretend to encourage wit and repress vice; how often is this a mere pretence, that we may indulge this mischievous propensity of our nature? that we may bite and tear in pieces each other; that we may assume a power *beyond the laws*; that we may accuse, try, and condemn without plea, judge, or jury; that private malevolence or party-hatred may reign triumphant in our hearts, and look jocund on our countenances?

This dreadful species of insanity, which makes us attend to every lying tale, and encourage every malevolent publication, I shall denominate *Satiræmania*: too lenient a term, indeed, but appropriate to the disorder as it rages at present, on account of some animals now among us, who spread their slaver monthly on all they meet, and have assumed the name of *Satirists*. These animals are said to be vermine terriers: it is true they have scratched up a lame badger or two that was scarcely earthed; but they are remarkable for the badness of their noses, and seem not to be able to distinguish between a rat-hole and a rabbit-burrow: bad or good, all is one to them, so long as they have an opportunity of throwing a great deal of dirt about, and seeming to be very busy. It is strongly suspected that they are a species of mongrel-spaniel, as they have shewn a great desire to fawn of late; they have indeed a great antipathy to *broad-bottoms*, but there is no part of a Minister which they will not lick.

Satire, in the modern acceptation of the word, seems to mean dissection of reputation, private scandal, and the artful suggestion of supposed crimes. A professed periodical satirist is like a man who should rob the shambles of the filth and garbage on a slaughtering day: those parts of the carcase which the tradesman keeps out of sight, and which the customer desires not even to hear named, are his booty; and all the dogs of the parish are in his train, yelping their applause, as he stinks along the streets. Nay, such a comparison, disgusting as it may be, is yet too indulgent to the monthly anonymous retailer of infamy:—the sink, the common sewer, the foul receptacle of every ill-digested crudity of the spleen, are but weak ideas in designating the characteristics of a production whose leaves are open for every defilement that the filth of malevolent minds can produce. The *Barrister* can there blacken the character of his *sister's husband*, to whom he owes all his prosperity, and whose benevolence he hath repaid with all the *gratitude* of slander, deceit, and robbery! The pages of *such a Satirist* are ready to receive the excrement of the vile and low-lifed *clergyman*, who, having disgusted his too-easy patron by his filthy familiarities, finds the long-expected benefice in the possession of a more worthy incumbent. The leaves of so vile a work are at the service of the *Right Honourable Pimp*, who, having provided many choice articles for the use of a *wealthy friend*, finds the market forestalled, and is reduced to the peevish alternative of turning *satiric moralist*; cursing that eagerness of vice that outruns the industry of his avarice. What *disappointed toad-eater* may not now turn author, and hope to see the effusions of his hungry bile in print? What discarded *parasitical buffoon*, whether of *Cambridge* or elsewhere, but may now exclaim,

"Nunc *barbaricâ lege* certum est *jus meum omne*
"persequi."

and by detailing every inuendo he hath ever been able to pick up between his mouthfuls; may string the scalps of his late entertainers, like dried pilchards, for the *attic seasonings* of such a satirist; nay, may expect to dine in the *best manner* once a month with his employers, with whom *pottage* and *justice* are, as well as in latin, one and the same word? Poor fellows, they must eat—who can bear to be *just* and *starve?*

But what is satire, as it appears in the writings of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and Pope? Shall I err in defining it to be the liberty of ridiculing and condemning the public and notorious faults of society, or of individuals? Can it be any thing more? Is it to be a domiciliary visitor? Is it to drag to open day the weaknesses to which all are liable, and which humanity rebukes and conceals, that they may not by their example encourage the follies of others? Is satire to bring accusations before an unknown judge, to condemn unheard, to punish with self-assumed authority? And this in a country where the meanest culprit is allowed his counsel and his jury! For shame; this is not generous and open satire, who with

" An eagle's talon *hath* an eagle's eye!
" *Who ever should* her proper object know,
" And ere she strike be sure she strike a foe.
" Nor fondly deem the real fool confest,
" Because blind Ridicule conceives a jest!"

Nothing in this *secret tribunal of satire* appears but the punishment: nothing but the *crimson monthly pillory*, round which we are told, with a sarcastic boast, that *twenty thousand* spectators assemble. O, the infatuated fondness of mankind for scandal! O, the hungry spleen of twenty thousand gapers, who trusting to the justice of some hidden, beggarly, and despicable scribblers, who dare not avow themselves, can gaze with pleasure on an execution performed in one of Jack Ketch's BEST MANNERS!—What a cruel satire on human nature is such a boast!

Dion.

INDEPENDENCE OF SPIRIT.

I KNOW not of any thing about which more is said, and less understood, than independence, and fear few of the many who presume upon possessing it, are aware of the consequences of its misapplication. Independence in a man who has not great good sense and discretion, is generally attended with danger, as it often hurries him into excesses, which perhaps no after prudence can reconcile: I have ever considered independence, guided by reason and refinement, as a virtue of inestimable value, a source of inward satisfaction, at once defending and exalting human nature; but how frequently do we see rudeness substituted for independence, and the rough and insolent disgust us with empty arrogance? Let me not however be misunderstood, or supposed to infer that the uncultivated mind may not possess independence tempered with prudence, good sense, and propriety; yet I confess cultivation tends greatly, in my opinion, to regulate and soften the manners, and thereby take off the edge we meet with on the unpolished blade.

I wish by these hasty remarks to make a proper distinction between presuming arrogance, and virtuous independence. In the present age, when almost every one is darting from his real sphere, into excellence, either fancied or genuine, we perceive those who are much perplexed in their various deportments, and like the clown in Sunday clothes, they can hardly walk stiff enough on some days, while on others they would gladly rush from observation: a mistaken idea of independence, which leads us to overrate ourselves, is the cause of this phenomena in manners; and I think too much independence is rather more objectionable, than too little. I despise the mean

servile, cringing reptile, yet I cannot help feeling disgust at the overbearing presumption of empty vanity and self-importance, shrouded under the fancied garb of independence. Men, like the coin of the realm, differ widely in sterling value, and it is indecorous in a farthing to assume the importance of a guinea. A mistaken idea of independence engenders rudeness and irritability, and places a weak mind, in its own estimation, even above its superiors. The mind without virtue or merit has little claim to independence, for it is itself a virtue which arises from a conscious and justifiable superiority.

Hail blessed independence! it is thou, when guided by good sense, virtue, and discretion, which makes the peasant equal to the prince, and amidst, all the uncertainty and calamity of life, cheers and animates the soul of the most wretched, giving confidence to the virtuous, and vigour to the weak, and by the nobleness which thou impartest to the mind, makes it both happy and great.

January, 1809. *G.*

LITERARY PICKINGS.

MRS. BLAND AND LIVY THE HISTORIAN.

I FORGET in what entertainment I have heart the sweet-toned voice of Mrs. Bland bestowing all the charms of melody on a trifling song, of which the burden is,

"If you will not when you may,
"When you will you shall have nay."

Some of the indefatigable hunters after literary larceny, who have not unaptly been termed the "Bow-street runners of Parnassus," and of whom Dr. A. of *Athenæum* notoriety, may be considered as the Townsend or Macmanus, will certainly thank me for pointing out that the origin of this exquisite *morceau* is to be found in Livy. The Latin historian tells us, that when Hannibal was before Rome, he is said to have heard a supernatural voice, which declared "*Portiundæ sibi urbis Romæ modo mentem non dari, modo fortunam.*"—That is "When he could become master of Rome he would not, and that now he would, but should not." Somewhere I have also heard or read an old song, every stanza of which ends in the following manner:—

"Wyllie will not will to-day
"Wyllie will to-morrow;
"Will, Willie, while you may,
"Or, Wyll, you'll will with sorrow."

VULGAR IDEA OF AN OATH.

Niebuhr, in his travels through Arabia, says, "A merchant of Mecca made an observation upon those saints, which I was surprised to hear from a Mahometan. The vulgar," said he, "must always have a visible object to fear and honour. Thus, at Mecca, oaths, instead of being addressed to God are pronounced in the name of Mahomet. At Mohka, I would not trust a man who should take God to witness the truth of any thing he happened to assert: but I might much more safely depend upon him who should swear by Schech Schaedeli, whose mosque and tomb are before his eyes."

SHENSTONE'S VERSE.

The stanza of Shenstone's Pastoral Ballad, professes a beautiful simplicity, which has very seldom been imitated. There is, likewise, a facility in that kind of measure peculiarly adapted to pastoral subjects. I was just now observing to a friend, that many of the Elegies of Tibullus might be translated into this species of verse: he immediately assigned me the four following lines, which, with my extempore version, I offer my readers as a specimen.

"*Tunc veniam subito, ne quisquam nunciet ante,*
"*Sed videar cœlo missus adesse tibi.*
"*Tunc mihi, qualis eris, longos turbata capillos,*
"*Obvia nudato, Delia, curre pede.*"

TIBUL. E. 3. Ver. 88.

Then, sudden, to thee will I fly,
No messenger hast'ning before,
And, as if but just dropt from the sky,
I'll appear at my Delia's door:

O then, whatsoever her care,
May she leave it her lover to meet,
Tho' loose and dishevelled her hair,
Tho' bare and unsandall'd her feet.

T. Noble.

YOUNG, OR OLD?—A DEBATE ON HUSBANDS.

I HAD too much pleasure in the conversations of my three friends to fail in my appointment with them. On the next day therefore, in despight of the efforts which some ladies made to engage me in a country excursion, I chose rather to repair to our place of resort. I found my friends already assembled; and I told them that they were certainly considerably indebted to me, since on their account I had quitted some amiable ladies who had invited me to pass a few days in the elegancies of a country mansion, as a recompense for my decision on a question which had been warmly agitated by two of them.

Aristus desired to know what had been the subject of their debate. "Pleasant enough" I replied: "the rich and aged, although not unamiable, widow of Lord Bigborough, who has lately married a young officer of the Guards, chose to declaim most earnestly against young husbands: while the lovely and lively Doriana, who not long since was compelled to espouse a withered Indian Nabob in his six and sixtieth year, bitterly abused all aged helpmates. Both could shew good cause for their displeasure.

Their debate after running to great length, in which complaints often stood in the place of arguments, at last resolved itself to this issue "Which husband is the greatest evil—the young who will not love, or the old who cannot love?" They besought me to be arbitrator between them. I consented: and at the same time I assured them, that when they had concluded their harangues, I would, with the assistance of the fair Clemina, who was present, venture to pronounce sentence. We took our seats, and the old lady spake in the following manner with considerable agitation.

"The more we expect to possess any good, the greater is our sorrow at our disappointment: the more firmly we believe that that good is our right, the more sensensibly are our hearts affected by the cruelty of a refusal. It is some consolation when want of power in him who owes us any kindness prevents him from performing it: it is some consolation when his wishes his efforts, and his expressions of an ardent inclination, to satisfy our hopes, convince us at least that we possess his heart. The friend who does not lend us the sum which we request of him, because he has it not, offends and irritates us less than him who refuses what he is able and what he ought to give. To sacrifice the happiness of freedom and the controul of wealth, in the prospect of obtaining one other blessing, and to behold oneself deprived of what one has so dearly purchased, without hearing any other excuse alledged by the ungrateful wretch who withholds it, but want of inclination, is in my opinion the most cruel martyrdom that a woman can experience: it is scorn and contempt added to the tortures of Tantalus. Imagine a woman who bestows an equipage on her husband, in which he daily displays the beauty of her rivals—who bestows on him elegant habiliments, in which he sparkles in every drawing-room but her own:—the wealth of her coffers flows into the purse of this young man, and is expended in entertainments for those very women who rob her of him. His graces and his wit are for others. Every one extols to this miserable wife, the delightful conversation and the fascinating manners of her husband; but to her, and to her alone, he never deigns to communicate his excellencies; to her are devoted those hours, of vexation only, which occasionally inter-

rupt the pleasures of this beautiful butterfly. He has no other concern at home but to seek repose after the fatigues of those pleasures which he gives and partakes elsewhere; and to recover sufficient force for new enjoyments. In the mean time each moment which he devotes to joy is an age of sorrow to the wife who lives in the restless state of vain yet anxious expectation, while the excess of her torment is to perceive that it depends on this one being alone to render her happy and that he will not.

Her Ladyship having here concluded her harangue, we testified by our plaudits, the sincere compassion which we felt for an affliction which she had so strongly described; then turning to the young Nabobess, she commenced her discourse; and in this manner she addressed us.

"The privation of the good which we covet is indeed cruel, but when we recollect there remains a possibility of possessing this so much desired good, hope mitigates the want of it: on the other hand, when we know ourselves to be deprived of it by the impossibility of its being ever granted to us, despair redoubles the torment of the deprivation; and we regard that as the greatest of evils which we perceive to be without remedy. A young man may go astray, but he may also return from his wanderings. Pleasure itself satiates his irregular desires: variety at length confuses and disgusts him: the flame of vanity expires: reason becomes mature: reflections agitate his mind, and a few years restore him to wisdom and to connubial tenderness: thus, is the heart of his wife soothed with the hope that every moment as it passes may terminate her affliction: she therefore may arm herself with patience and cease to despond. But the young wife delivered as a sacrifice to the chilling embraces of a torpid old man, sees the rigours of her martyrdom daily increase. Time which assuages the miseries of others, augments perpetually the cause of hers. Her throbbing heart repines and murmurs against that virtue which ought to be its pride, and which now seems only to retain its empire, to forbid the vengeance due to her wrongs. If the absence of the young husband torments her whom he does not love, does not the perpetual presence of a sickly old man, who cannot please, and who will not quit the object of his lifeless endearments, render the punishment of the young wife equal to that inflicted by those tyrants who fastened a living man to a dead body, causing him to expire with disgust and horror in the arms of a corpse? The young wanderer leaves his spouse at least both time and freedom to pursue those innocent consolations which are found in many permitted pleasures; but the feeble and listless old man compels you in spite of your exertions to dwell both mentally and corporeally amidst your sufferings, and shuts out every opportunity that might divert your attention from them. Dresses, furniture, jewels, and carriages, he indeed bestows; but then he reserves to himself all the enjoyment of them: his assiduities are importunate and tiresome; his caresses are disgusting; and his tenderness deadening; while his watchful and gloting eyes dart a poison around him, that destroys even the slightest and most trifling amusement. To all these evils add the restless suspicions of that unsettled jealousy which is inseparable from his time of life, and you will then, doubtlessly, conclude that this unhappy lot is far more to be lamented than that deplored by her ladyship."

"We acknowledged that there was not less spirit and delicacy in the discourse of the Nabob's lady, than in the former harangue. They pressed us for our decision. I took the hand of Climena, and drawing her aside, requested to know her opinion. As she is young, she inclined to the side of Doriana: but as she is extremely jealous of what she loves, she hesitated and found herself very much embarrassed. At length she declared "that she thought them equally *unhappy*." "But not equally *unfortunate* said I; and in pronouncing sentence I made this distinction, "That the young wife sacrificed to the old dotard appeared to me to deserve her sufferings, less than the other who voluntarily sacrificed herself to a young vagabond." Although

her ladyship had less reason to be satisfied with this decision than Doriana, yet, with a tearful smile, she acquiesced in my award. The subject had wholly occupied their attention; they could not refrain from continuing their complaints, but as I perceived the hour of our *rendezvous* approaching, I broke through their earnest entreaties, and here I seek from you some more edifying discourses.—(*Translation, from Les Promenades.*)

COMPARATIVE HAPPINESS.

Which period of Human Life is most favourable to Happiness,——Youth, Manhood, or Age?

THE season of youth finds many advocates. It is the season, in most cases, of health, of pleasure, and of hope. It has been admonished by philosophy, and embellished by poetry; and it is still the admiration of age itself. Shenstone does not over-value the gratifications of youth, when, in one of his elegies, he thus apostrophises it:—

O youth! enchanting stage, profusely bless'd!
Bliss, even obtrusive, courts thy frolic mind:
Of health neglectful, yet by health caress'd;
Careless of favour, yet secure to find.

All this is as actually true as it is poetically fascinating. The vigour, during youth, of the animal spirits; the opening scenes of expectation; the novelty of the appearances of the world; the strength and glow of the imagination; the fresh, unsophisticated, generous impules of the breast, in their several operations, supply to youth an ardent and continual source of gratulation. If felicity be even sensual, this is its chosen crisis, its festival of rapture: if it be intellectual, now the stupendous and interminable prospects of science break vividly upon the ardent, expanding, and deeply delighted mind: if it be moral, when do the pulses of virtue beat more purely, more freely, than in their innocence and incorruption? The projectors of extacy and beauty in imaginary perfection, the poet and the painter, represent them at this period flourishing in their pride.

If youth have its rapturous advocates, the partisans of manhood will be no less confident. The maturity of the powers of mind and body, give that completeness of satisfaction to this state which is unexperienced in earlier and cruder faculties. The full conceptions, the thorough information, the settled authority, the pride of strength, the recent escape from the subjection of tutelage, and the assumption of command and name, conspire to felicitate this stage of life. The new acquirements of domestic joy, the tender solicitudes of family affection, and the pleasures of juvenile instruction: cares not yet raised to anxiety by the independence of the offspring, whom the parent behold with equal concern, though with less control, acting self-directed in the most perilous passages of human life, impelled by the varying gusts of passion, without the government of discretion.

But who will plead the cause of declining years, recommend decripitude, applaud dotage, or extol the immediate breakings up of dissolution? He who, though he may acknowledge in the evening of life, infirmity impairs not only the corporal structure but often also the mental, will yet bestow his homage, as nature urges, upon the grey hairs of experience, will feel sensible that at this period the mind may look back with continued satisfaction upon the regular fulfilment of past duties, upon distant exertions and surmounted difficulties, and may now consciously rejoice on the safe arrival at the goal of life, and the fair and just prospect of continued improvement in a second existence. The fullness of years may enjoy the veneration which is owed and paid to it, may glow with kindly affec-

tion in surveying a surrounding progeny of risen and rising successors, possessing and communicating the fruits of former prudence and labour. It is the favourite theory of some philosophers that the happiness of the virtuous man swells and extends progressively as life advances.

Phileutychy.

CONJUGAL CELIBACY.

MUCH has been, and much will hereafter be said, both for and against the eligibility of the married state; and different people will of course always be disposed to consider it in a different point of view, so much so, indeed, that I am inclined to think they will never entirely agree on this subject.—The topic has been so frequently discussed that but little remains to be urged in addition on either side: and the opinion of an 'Old Bachelor', will, I am aware, from people in general, have to encounter strong prejudices, and a determined opposition.—To avoid all such animadversions, therefore, I shall in the first place solemnly disavow any wish or intention of biassing the opinions of my readers. I do not desire any man to pin his faith on my sleeve; but on the contrary, I think on so important an occasion every person should judge for himself according to the influence of existing circumstances.—I shall therefore only relate, without comment, a few simple facts which have lately come under my observation.

Ned Franklin and I were educated in the same college at Oxford, and from a similarity in our manners and habits, we became greatly attached to each other. On our entering upon a more active scene of life, different engagements broke off the intimacy, and we had not seen each other for a number of years, till I met with him accidentally in a coffee-house a short time since. He expressed much pleasure at seeing me, and I was no less glad to meet with him; and as our long-suspended intercourse had removed all opportunity of knowing our several pursuits, we soon began to enquire into the present condition of each other.

'I', said he, 'am married, and if perfect happiness can exist in this life, I am possessed of it in my wife, who is a pattern of conjugal affection, and whose study is to give me pleasure.'—"Although," returned I, "I still remain a bachelor, I think I also have some share of comfort." "Nay," said he hastily, "if you are happy you can be only negatively so; but come and visit me, and see how I live, and if you are not induced to alter your condition I shall look upon you as a stoic, incapable of appreciating the affection of a wife, and the comforts which are consequently attendant on matrimony."

As the invitation seemed to be given in the rude spirit of friendship, I accepted it; and lest I should not be able to form an accurate judgment immediately, I resolved to stay one night with him; during which time *I saw how he lived*, and I am———still an Old Bachelor. But as I have declared that I will not trust my own judgment on so important a matter, I submit the manner in which he lives to the consideration of the public.

Ned's residence is situated a few miles from town; and as I was rather hurried by business on the day which had been fixed for my visit, it was considerably past the hour appointed for dining when I reached my destination; but as I well knew that he was not one of those who suffer ceremony to destroy friendship, I entertained no doubt of meeting with a pleasant reception. On my being announced, Frank rose to welcome me with great eagerness, exclaiming at the same time, "I told you, Mrs. Franklin, that my friend would be sure to come; and now you have ordered the dinner away, and he must eat it cold. The lady, who could scarcely be said to bend at my entrance, replied with some asperity, "the dinner hour was fixed by yourself, Mr. Franklin, and you well know

that my weak constitution will not permit me to fast a longer time; but my wishes are never consulted, and my health will soon fall a victim to my easy temper; however, if you will ring the bell the cloth may be relaid, and I dare say the mutton is not quite cold, and that some of the game is left." Perceiving that the lady's temper was a little ruffled, I advanced to apologize for my inattention to the hour, assuring her at the same time, that my haste had got me so good an appetite, that I should fare very sumptuously on what might remain of the dinner. Mrs. Franklin received my excuses with some degree of politeness, and Ned shook me heartily by the hand, declaring that I was a good fellow to be so easily satisfied, and that he would take care I should come in for the first cut the next dinner I eat at his house. Down, therefore, I sat, with great apparent satisfaction, to the lukewarm mutton, not without wishing secretly at the same time that I could have been conveyed into one of those snug chop-houses in London, where I might have spared my compliments, and have dined on hot mutton.—Hunger, however, gave the meal a tolerable relish, and the sight of a cheerful fire, and a bottle of wine inspired me with hopes of a pleasant afternoon. Mrs. Franklin also seemed to have recovered her good humour, and the conversation passed on pleasantly enough for about half an hour, during which time, he and I had emptied about half the bottle.—"Let us drink success to the Spanish Patriots my friend," said Ned. "With all my heart"—returned I, "it is a cause to which every one must wish well," "My love," said the lady, as he was preparing to fill the glasses, "I desire that you will not take any more wine this afternoon; I know very well that it will only make you noisy, and in the present weak state of my nerves it is now more than I can bear; your friend will not I dare say tax your politeness so far as to oblige you to drink with him any longer than is proper for you." "Well my dear," returned he, "only the toast and I have done"—"The toast is nothing to you that I know of," replied the lady "and I am determined that you shall not disturb me this evening with your nonsense, therefore I shall take the only effectual method to prevent it." With these words she seized the decanter, which he as firmly endeavoured to retain, but the lady's strength, *(notwithstanding the weak state of her nerves)* prevailing, the decanter was borne away in triumph to my no small mortification, nor did the lady think it necessary to make any apology for the sudden removal. "You see, I am finely managed" said Ned winking, "but it all arises from my wife's love for me: therefore, I cannot be but obliged to her for her care." Although I did not feel inclined to participate in his satisfaction, I put the best face on the matter, and consoled myself with the idea that I should have some enjoyment at tea-time. With the tea equipage, however, Ned ordered his two pointers to be brought in, which occasioned another altercation between the husband and wife; but Ned persisted, and the dogs made their appearance to my infinite regret, as one of them immediately leaped on me with dirty feet, and soiled my cloaths, which to an Old Bachelor is a matter of no small consequence. Ned laughed heartily at my embarrassment, as he called it, and enticed the dogs from me with some muffin, which they devoured so eagerly, that the plate was cleared before any person had tasted a bit. "What, my love," exclaimed the lady, who had been engaged in the tea table, "is it possible that you can have been feeding the dogs with the muffin?" "Why, my dear," said he, they seemed to like it so well, that I confess I gave them more of it than I at first intended.—"And did you suppose," rejoined the lady, "that I sent for muffins to feed the dogs with—however, as you have chosen to give it away in that manner, you must now be contented with bread and butter, for I shall not order any more muffins to be brought in." Ned grumbled; but, complied; and though I am particularly fond of muffins, I also was obliged to acquiesce. Soon after tea, a friend called in, and Ned proposed a rubber at whist, adding that he should stake his wife against us, as they always played together. I was by no means disposed to find fault with the

arrangement, and as my partner seemed to be an agreeable man, I seated myself at the card-table with great satisfaction.—Scarcely, however, had a deal gone round, before Mr. Franklin discovered a fault in his wife's play.—"My love, how could you think of playing that card?"—"Why, my dear, was I to suppose that you would lead from such a suit; if you are so singular, it is impossible to understand your play—we shall now lose two." My partner smiled, and I wished secretly that the party had been composed of Old Bachelors. Fortune, however, favoured us, and we won the rubber, and this so increased the acrimony both of the husband and wife, that I began to despair of their tranquillity being ever restored; but the game being put an end to, the supper was soon afterwards brought in, and some smoaking hashed mutton put me into good spirits once more. The calm was of short duration, for Ned happening to observe that he should have liked it better broiled, Mrs Franklin's anger was again excited, "My love, you are never contented,—if it is broiled, you want it hashed, and if hashed, it ought to have been broiled. You put one in mind of the husband who called for a fool's head, and his wife brought him his own picture; aye dont wink at me my dear, this is my house, and I will say what I like in it, let who will be here." The altercation continued till the mutton was cold, and my appetite gone, and very soon afterwards I pleaded fatigue as an excuse for retiring, but judge my surprise when I was conducted to a little room, where there was a bed without hangings, a door that would not shut close, and a window with a broken pane of glass. "I am sorry the apartment is not better," said Ned, who accompanied me, "and I wished that you should have slept in the best bed, but Mrs. Franklin would not permit it." Although I shivered at the sight, I assured him of my perfect satisfaction; and having passed a sleepless night, I set off early in the morning, leaving a note pleading urgent business as an excuse for my abrupt departure, as I had seen enough of *how he lived*, to wish myself reinstated in the few comforts which I possess in the capacity of an Old Bachelor.

***

THE LYRE.

We give, in charge,
Their names to the sweet Lyre.———
COWPER.

EPITAPH STANZAS.

The transient toil of life is o'er,
And he, who late in anguish trod
Earth's dreary maze, shall sigh no more:
His winged spirit seeks its God!

While pilgrim in this vale below,
His faults, his vices, all were shown;
Friends had he few, but many a foe:
His virtues only were unknown.

He founds no sympathetic claim,
Affection bending o'er his tomb;
To strangers he commits his name,
And stranger-eyes will weep his doom.

One partial boon he yet would crave,
If due to eloquence and song;—
Unburied in oblivion's grave,
Let fame his memory still prolong!

1808. *P. L. C.*

TO MADAME T* * *,

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

Who had honoured me by visiting my Cottage.

THOSE celestials resembling whose image she bears,
Emilia spreads spl endour around:
In the temple of Friendship, this fortunate day,
The homage of Love will be found!

Oma.

EPIGRAM

IN IMITATION OF THE 68TH IN THE 11TH BOOK OF MARTIAL.

On Maro.

Nothing to me you'll give whilst you have breath,
But promise something handsome at your Death;
Now, Maro, if you're not a silly dunce,
You'll know, I'm sure, my *friendly wish* at once. *Junius.*

THE PORTUGAL CONVENTION.

Sir Hew, kind soul! an enemy to strife,
He hates war's horrible contention;
And so, to save full many a valued life,
He calm'd the foe by politic convention!

Who knows the plan the good man had in view?—
Laugh not: the French will certes march for Spain;
Sir Arthur beat them; and the good Sir Hew
Arrive in time to write his name again!
Exeter. *Rob. Per—ny.*

THE ROSE.

BY T. NOBLE, AUTHOR OF BLACKHEATH, A POEM, &c.

O do not pluck yon blooming rose,—
(Amelia fondly cried)
How full its opening fragrance blows!
It is the garden's pride.

The deep, soft, blush of morning beams
Hath just so rich a hue:
Such is the tint, when evening gleams,
Purpling the pendant dew.

Such are the ruddy streaks of light,
That in the north arise,
Shoot their full crimson o'er the night,
And glow across the skies.

Go, view my rose what time the day
The silent dawn receives:
What pearls dart back the kindling ray,
Quick trickling o'er its leaves.

Its leaves a tender freshness breathe,
Soft steamy scent aspires:
And, flushed, the silvery shower beneath,
Glance forth the rubied fires.

Go, view my rose, what time the noon
Pours forth its radiant calm:
Wide on the panting air is strewn,
My rose's fragrant balm.

The fervid zephys faintly die,
Scarce trembling through the bower,
While, languidly, yon butterfly
Droops on my favourite flower:

Slowly each silken van expands,
Gemmed with the tinted light;
Now spread, now closed, he wavering stands,—
Then, fluttering, wings his flight.

Go, view my rose, what time the shades
Of Evening wide prevail,
How far it's breath perfumes the glades
On each reviving gale.

Bright o'er its low-inclining head,
A livelier blush is seen.
It's mossy tendrils curving spread,
A bower of humid green.

And then the bee hums fondly near,
And doth each note prolong;
As if my rose could, conscious, hear
The soothing of his song.

Then do not pluck my lovely rose!
(Amelia sweetly cries)
Pluck'd—morn, nor noon, nor eve it knows,—
But withers, fades, and dies.

Then do not—do not pluck my flow'r,
Morn, noon, and evening prized:
Pluck'd—it would die in one short hour,
Be trod on and despis'd.

ENGLISH RUSTICS.

Whither, O whither, may my footsteps tend,
Where shall my troubled thoughts acquire repose?
Thro' every track gigantic terrors blend;
Stretch their pale hands and point at rising woes!

Where'er I turn Britannia's form appears,
Pallid, diseas'd, and sinking to the earth;
Av'rice and Pride revile her falling tears,
And Luxury, in insolence of mirth.

Once had I hoped, beside some rural hill,
To wake, with vocal song, the lingering day,
To listen to Britannia's glory still,
And with those glories swell th' aspiring lay.

To hear the voice of Love, the shout of Joy,
Hymns of fond bliss resounding o'er the plain,—
See Health and Labour all their force employ;
See Plenty and Content that force sustain.

Now o'er the mead, or thro' the balmy grove,
While touch'd with pensive agony I roam,
I hear the swains complain they dare not love,
"He hath no heart," they cry, "who hath "no home!"

In hard-fed Labour pass their lingering days:
No jocund cottage may they call their own:
They starve 'mid corn their hands have helped to raise,
And their last years on lazar-morsels groan *.

Hence Vice, with all its curses, reigns around:
Envy, repinings, indolence, and fear;
Distemper'd Lust, unsettled and unbound,
And wide-spread thefts, with murder in their rear.

Seduced by Trade the swains desert the field—
Listless, with fancied dreams of idle wealth;
In crowded towns to sickening misery yield—
The pale, mean, tools of avaricious stealth.

Trade!—licens'd plunder's proud and boasted name!

* See Crabbe's Village.

'Around the state its fetid form is roll'd' †
To all things—to the Church it lays its claim—
Nay Honour—even Honour's bought and sold!

Hence hireling wretches govern but to gain,
Hence greedy pastors mock the sacred word,
Hence venal laws no wealthy wrong restrain,
Hence coward-soldiers stain the dear-bought sword.

Hence blithe Content along the mead no more,
With sprightly carols leaves his love-fraught cot:—
The hand of Trade hath seiz'd the blissful store,
And hopeless toil is all the menial's lot!

DION.

† In fetid folds it wound its nauseous form
Around the pillars of the British state.
Monody on Fox.

CRITICAL OPINIONS.

But those who cannot write, and those who can,
Or rhime, or scrawl, or scribble, to a man!—
POPE.

John Bull. 8vo. *page* 55: 1808.

THIS is an extraordinary production.—"I feel," observes the anonymous author of it, "that I ought to make many excuses for intruding myself upon the public:

"I have had no liberal education; nor am I acquainted with the rules of regular composition:

"I hazard only some thoughts upon occurrences, in the light they have presented themselves to my mind; a review of the various transactions of the world, as they have passed in review before me.

"*London*, "*JOHN BULL.*"
July 14, 1808."

John Bull, we suspect, notwithstanding his excusatory introduction of himself to his compatriots, is no ordinary being. The date of his present lucubration, the anniversary of that revolution which has moved the foundations of the civilised world; the solemn formula with which it opens; the politically prophetic mysticism which pervades it throughout, all evince powers superior to the common stamp of mind; and which, if not aided by "liberal education," were intuitively qualified to ascertain the "rules of composition." His "I BELIEVE," &c. &c. is not the least curious portion of his little pamphlet. Prophecy is often dubious, and the interpretation of it dangerous; but 'John Bull' is entitled to attention, and will obtain it—from those who are not afraid to learn unpleasant truths!

Tales of the Passions; in which is attempted an illustration of their effects on the Human Mind. By George Moore.

The passions are delicate subjects for either painter or poet, and are seldom pourtrayed with much propriety. This is the first volume of an intended series upon the plan of Miss Baillie's Plays. The author has entitled this first tale, *Revenge*, but has strangely mistaken the traits of that dreadful impulse. No passion is indeed more various in its characteristics than Revenge: it may have its origin in many distinct principles or sentiments; in Zanga it arises from a high but mistaken resentment of an injury; in Iago it originates in low envy, mingled with an unsettled suspicion of a great wrong. The means pursued by each to satisfy the cravings of the passion are nearly the same, and, by their enormity, magnify our sense of the violent impulse which calls them forth, and

of the desperate determination of those who are under its instigation. This elevation of our ideas produces that feeling of horror which is one of the sources of the sublime. In this Mr. Moore has totally failed: his agents sink beneath the cause that impels them, and become so unequal to it that their *revenge* becomes mere *spite*: the means they use are too despicable, too indeterminate to raise the least interest; and besides, they have too much right to be revenged. They act ridiculously; they fix upon a weak and imbecile object too remote in his connection with the being who has so greatly injured them; and who sinks too low in our esteem, to deserve our commiseration. There is some good writing in this volume; but the language is frequently turgid. The story is not badly conceived; but it is badly supported, low, mean villany, although it may be daily found under a thousand forms, cannot of itself create any interest. Whoever would anatomise the passions, must select large and awful forms of them: the present author puts us in mind of a lecturer, who, to illustrate the anatomy of a tiger, dissected a cat. The lecturer was excusable, because he could not obtain a tiger, and therefore chose a mean animal of the same species. But Mr. Moore surely had his choice, or he should not have written at all: instead of the tiger *Revenge*, he has no excuse for giving us a lecture on that little, domestic animal, called *Spite*.

Memoirs of the Public Life of the late Right Hon. Charles James Fox. By R. Fell, 4to. &c. &c.

An undiscriminating and ill-executed eulogium on the general character of Mr. Fox. The author is as unacquainted with the real merits of that statesman, as he appears to have been blinded to his undeniable defects. While Mr. Fell frequently overlooks the excellencies of his hero, he is always panegyrizing his extravagances.

An Account of the Life and Writings of Hugh Blair, D.D. F.R.S. E. &c. &c. By the late John Hill, L L.D.

Truly "*an account*," but not a *biography*.

The Minor Minstrel; or, Poetical Pieces, chiefly Familar and Descriptive. By W. Holloway. Page 182.

Mr. Holloway now comes forward with such submissive pretensions, that, perhaps, he will not be offended when he is told that his 'Minor Minstrel' will not add to the reputation of the author of the 'Peasant's Fate.' He falls more and more in to the manner of Robert Bloomfield; and he has even so exactly copied that poet's pieces, in the present instance, as to indicate by a sort of note, accompanying almost every effusion of his minor minstrel, for what purpose each was composed, and the moral it is intended to convey! Now this practice must be protested against. Some merit, however, our 'Minor Minstrel' certainly possesses; as evidence of which, and also as exhibiting the folly of the poet's explanatory appendages, in the form of notes, we shall select the tale of

HURST WATER.

'What, Farmer Gould, so late from town?'
Cried Andrew, standing at his door;
D'ye see the skies, how wild they frown?
D'ye hear Hurst's deep black river roar?

'The meads are under water, man;
The floods are coming down amain;
I'd have ye take the wiser plan,
And stop, or turn you back again.'

'Good night!' the Farmer cried—'good night!'
And, heedless spurr'd his horse along;
Half tipsy, he must sure be right:
Was tipsy man yet ever wrong?

Hurst stream had overflow'd its banks,
In one wide sheet the waves expand;
And only by the willow ranks
He knew the spot that late was land.

He toil'd and moil'd, his steed to guide
To where he us'd the stream to pass;
The wiser steed still turn'd aside,
And, cautious, shunn'd the dangerous place.

For round and round the waters flow'd,
And utter'd forth a sullen moan;
By fits the moon her pale face show'd,
But more to make the peril known.

The Farmer flogg'd and spurr'd in vain;
The stubborn beast refus'd to go:
Sleep seiz'd, at length, his swimming brain;
And soft the bridle dropt below.

Left to his choice, with floundering steps,
Along the bank the horse proceeds;
Nor deviates in his course, nor trips,
In wilderness of flags and reeds.

Across a narrow foot-bridge lay,
Where trembling swains with caution go;
The handrail hangs in black decay,
The gurgling waters whirl below.

Stump, stump, the beast, with heavy tread,
That crazy foot-bridge safely pass'd—
His master dozing o'er his head—
And reach'd the further bank at last!

Nor did he stop, till Sally heard
His welcome step before the door;
For she had trembled long, and fear'd
Her father would return no more!—

Well may she fear! for, to her cost,
She knew Hurst-water deep and wide;
For there her lover late she lost—
The youth that woo'd her for his bride.

The good old *Smiler* long was prais'd,
For faithfulness and service too;
But most this feat his credit rais'd,
And praise, in justice, was his due:

Yet, truly, Providence was there,
To guard the man who caution spurn'd,
And make the rambling steed her care;
Or, Farmer Gould had ne'er returned.

"*The aim of this piece*," says the author, in the note with which he introduces it to his readers, "*is to impress on the mind just ideas of the superintendence of Providence.*" Perfectly satisfied that our readers, having once perused the ballad story of 'Hurst Water,' would be able to make out its moral for themselves, we forbore (by omitting the poet's anticipatory admonition) to impair the pleasure, common to judicious readers, arising from not knowing the aim of a tale till we arrive fairly at its conclusion. If this hint should hereafter be serviceable to Mr. Holloway, it will not have been written in vain. It is because we wish him real success, the merit of having rectified defects, that we reprove him freely. We utterly disclaim any affectation of critical superiority.

The Cottagers of Glenburnie; &c. By Elizabeth Hamilton, &c. &c. &c.

This production is deserving of commendation. So far from doubting, as some persons seem to doubt, the indolent indifference which is here represented as characteristic of our northern cottagers, the picture given of their domestic dilemmas, it is to be feared, applies too truly to the homes of many of our southern peasantry, and to the abodes of the lower order of families in great towns. Where there is no good housewifery, nor any masterly superintendence, even in the houses of the middle classes of our social system, there is found to be as much negligence and confusion, although there may not be quite as much nastiness, as Miss Hamilton discovered among these 'Cottagers of Glenburnie.' Cleanliness is so nearly allied to virtue, and yet so miserably neglected, that the practice of it cannot, in any form, be too often inculcated.

If this intelligent lady should ever turn her attention from Scotland to Ireland, she will find, we suspect, much to reprove and reform. Swift has, in this particular, been most unreasonably arraigned for some of those offensive descriptions with which his writings abound. He had seen the nakedness of his country; and, in the ardent spirit of patriotism, he appears, by exposing it to the inhabitants, to have laboured to make them ashamed. There is enough to reform in the *habits* and *manners* of all classes of society! We therefore wish success to the present attempt. It is well written; and the incidents are skilfully conducted. It promises to make considerable impression.

Pathetic Tales, Poems, &c. By J. B. Fisher, &c. &c. &c. pp 155.

It is always a most painful duty, but still it is a duty, to discourage, if possible, those votaries of the muse who exhibit no legitimate pretensions to the poetical character. This duty becomes indispensable when, as in the present instance, an author anticipates both property and popularity from the effusions of his fancy.—"I declare," says Mr. Fisher, "in the language of our immortal Bard, that

"My poverty, but not my will, consented!"

Mr. Fisher, it would seem, is acquainted with Shakspeare; but he may do well to look into the pages of another "immortal bard," Pope, who, one might have supposed, had, by his irony, almost proscribed the hackneyed excuse of being

"Compel'd by hunger and consent of friends."

Most certainly "the partial few," be they whomsoever they may, "who assured" Mr. Fisher that "the produce of" this his "nocturnal employment" was "worthy of publication," have, however unintentionally, entirely misled his judgment. Let him, if this "nocturnal employment" really assuages his own mental agony, still "creep from his pillow, and find serenity and resignation from the ideal picture of distresses more poignant than his own;" but let such pictures be confined to his own apartments, or form the magic-loathorn of his bed-room. We are perfectly serious.

As some compliment to Mr. Fisher's poetical discrimination, although it confers none on his poetic ability, we feel induced to notice 'An Elegy,' inserted among his own volume of verses, written on Returning from the Funeral

of the late Right Hon. Charles James Fox (Friday, October 10, 1806), and Addressed to Lord Holland. We are far from wishing to be ranked among the idolatrous admirers of the statesman whose decease is lamented by the present writer; yet, we think, the following description of the Funeral of Fox is worth preservation.

Here throng'd, with swelling hearts and streaming eyes,
The good, the great, the learned, and the wise;
Here met, to grieve, firm faith and love sincere,
And patriot worth sustain'd the kindred bier;
Here, Britain sigh'd o'er many a ruin'd plan;
Friends o'er the friend, and nature o'er the man!

As mov'd, with mensur'd pace, the pomp along,
How reverent grief to statues turn'd the throng!
No smile of vacant pleasure shock'd the eye;
No sound the ear, unless a stifled sigh;
The mourners past, alone marked out to view
By weeds of black,—the crowd were mourners too.

Oh! sad, strange moment! when that awful word,
Soul-felt, soul-rending,—'Dust to Dust!'—was heard!
How stood the blood congeal'd in every vein!
How memory wrung the heart and fir'd the brain!

Oft in those walls as heard the solemn sound,
And oft as tears have dew'd the hallowed ground;
From nobler eyes a tribute more sincere
Ne'er flow'd, oh Fox! than flow'd to bathe thy bier!

Such are parts of the poem which Mr. Fisher assures us, is to him "a present from a friend unknown;" and concerning the merits of which, though it would be easy to point out its defects, we are willing to admit that it does "enrich" his "publication." The author of it however, is one of those staunch partymen, one of those "good haters," who see merit only in the objects of their own political affection. Hence, while celebrating the funeral of Mr. Fox, he could not refrain from making rather acrimonious allusions to the burial honours conferred on the remains of Mr. Pitt. He ought to have known that those who attended the interment of the latter statesman, though his "Sovereign's power" awarded to that faithful servant the splendour of funeral obsequies, were, nevertheless, not composed of "obsequious courtiers," "pension'd hirelings," and "careless faces." When will even men of mind learn to speak of each other with manly candour? There is something really frightful in these party feelings. How truly did Swift assert, of party itself, that it "is the madness of many for the gain of a few!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES, AND NOTICES.

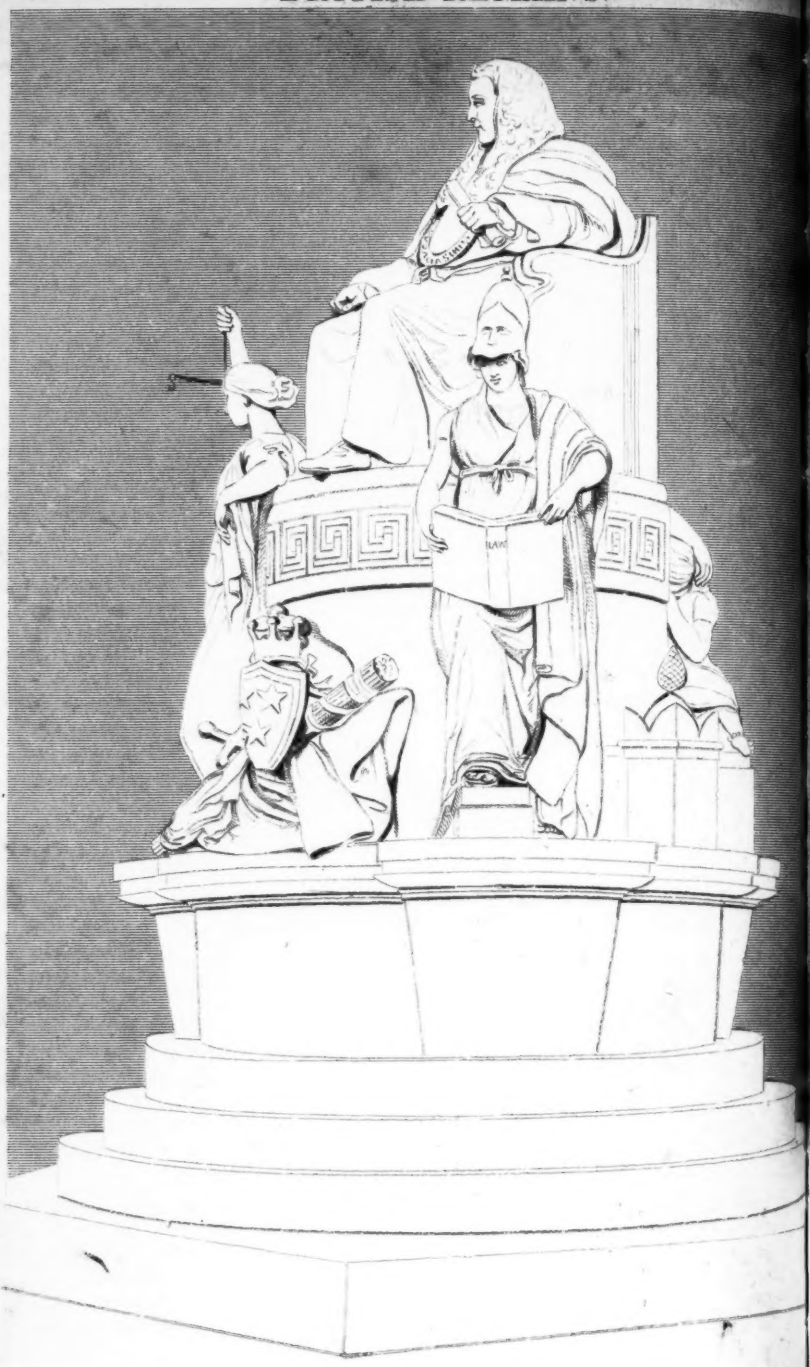
Still 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whate'er we write—we bring forth nothing new.

COWPER.

THE author of the 'Pleasures of Solitude' is soliciting Subscriptions for a new volume of his Poems to be entitled *Last Lays*. We find that this gentleman, *Mr. P. L. Courtier*, was also the Editor of the 'Lyre of Love;' and that his established poem on the 'Pleasures of Solitude' is now out of print, after having gone through three large editions.

Proposals have recently been issued, by the *Rev. Richard Yates, B. D. and F. S. A.* for publishing, by Subscription, and Dedicated (by Permission) to the Earl of Chichester, '*Memoirs of Public Charities*: an Historical Illustration of the origin, progress, and present state of the Charitable Institutions in and around the Cities of London and Westminster; with historical Anecdotes illustrative of their beneficial Effects, and Biographical notices of the Founders, most active Supporters, and chief Benefactors of the Several Institutions.' This work is to be comprised in one handsomely printed Quarto Volume, and embellished with Portraits of the Supporters and Benefactors of our Public Charities; price Two Guineas and a Half, in Boards. The loan of authentic Portraits is requested by the Author; and Subscribers' Names are received by Messrs. Miller, in Albemarle Street, Cadell and Davies in the Strand, and Mawman in the Poultry.

A correspondent requests us to ask, in this



MONUMENT to LORD MANSFIELD.

London, Published by & for Bell & De Camp, 11 Catherine Str. Strand, Feb. 1 1809.

place, why *Mr. Davenport* has suspended the publication of his ' Poetical Register?'

It is said that *Mr. Thomas Moore* is rapidly compassing the circle of his promised ' Philosophy of Pleasure.'

Much satisfaction is anticipated from the appearance of the Fourth Volume of Dr. Drake's illustrative ' Essays' on the ' British Classics,' which is nearly ready for publication. The first series of Essays, in three volumes, were elucidatory of the ' Tatler and Spectator and Guardian.' The fourth volume will commence his illustration of the ' Rambler and Adventurer and Idler;' and of ' Various Periodical Papers, between the close of the eighth volume of the Spectator and the commencement of the year Eighteen-Hundred and Nine.'

The Rev. *Robert Hodgson, M. A.* of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, intends delivering, we are informed, during the approaching season of Lent, a Course of Lectures, in his own Church, on the *Athanasian Creed*! Expectation is already considerably excited.

One of our distinguished Artists, *Robert Ker Porter, Esq.* and brother to the accomplished Female Authors of the same name, is rapidly proceeding with his ' Travels in Sweden and Russia,' which are splendidly printing; and will be superbly embellished with Engravings, from truly original Drawings, taken on various occasions, during his travelling, by Mr. Porter.

About *Four Hundred and Fifty* literary *Works* are reckoned to have issued from the *British Press* during the year 1808.

A *Life of Romney*, the artist, written by his friend *Mr. Hayley*, is on the eve of publication.

The admirers of that superb national work the *British Classics*, originally undertaken and still superintended by *Mr. Sharpe*, will be pleased to hear that the ' *Rambler*,' comprised in Four Volumes, is now in very great forwardness; and will be published in the course of the present Spring. It is entirely embellished by the genius of Smirke.

It will be acceptable to know that the long-promised *Life of the Late Mr. Pitt*, by Mr. *John Gifford*, is on the eve of publication.

FINE ARTS.

Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd,
And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.—

YOUNG.

British Remains.

Such men are rais'd to station and command,
When Providence means mercy to a land!
He speaks—and they appear! to him they owe
Skill to direct, as strength to strike the blow;
To manage with address; to seize, with pow'r,
The crisis of a dark decisive hour.—

COWPER.

MONUMENT TO THE EARL OF MANSFIELD.

SOMETIMES monumental memorials are the effect of public gratitude, and sometimes they are raised by the munificence of private admiration. If they are tributes honestly rendered to virtue, or wisdom, or valour, or genius, they are highly honourable to the individuals whose memory they are designed to preserve, and reflect lustre on the character of the country which they embellish. It is difficult to decide, in many instances, which is more gratifying to the feelings of our nature—the monument consecrated to departed excellence by an approving nation, or by in-

dividual esteem and affection. Who can peruse the simply grateful inscriptions which denote some of the monuments and tablets, erected to eminent characters, among the remains of our most illustrious dead, without feeling the finest emotions of the human heart tenderly and delightfully excited! The feeling is indescribable, when we contemplate such an offering to merit, paid either by the sorrowing but admiring widow, the esteeming but resigned parents, or the discriminating though devoted friend.

It is by the last description of kindness that the great Earl of Mansfield has been monumentally commemorated. The monument itself is judiciously posited; as, from its being insulated, it carries with it an effect infinitely more commanding than the monuments in *alto relievo*. Of its execution one may affirm, applying what was written, under similar circumstances, concerning the monument of another distinguished nobleman by another artist, to the present monument and the present artist, that

Flaxman, here,
Gives Mansfield's eloquence to marble lips.
COWPER.

Praise is due to Mr. Flaxman for having rejected the unnatural sytem, still too much adhered to by sculptors and painters, of representing modern characters as clothed in the costume of antiquity. His labours will, from this circumstance, be rendered equally valuable to the antiquarian or the connoisseur.

The figure presents a very correct likeness of Lord Mansfield; and its position is unexceptionably excellent. It is equal, if not rather superior, to the masterly painting of his Lordship by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The two figures of Law and Justice are, it must be confessed, somewhat heavy: but they are well disposed and composed. The principal figure is seated on part of a column denoting the stability of English Law.

This monument, which is highly creditable to the sculptural genius of this country, owes its existence to a donation, by a private person; which, having been for some time placed in our public funds, accumulated to the sum of 4,500*l*.

RECORDS OF FASHION.

Humanity to grief would give the rule;
But stronger reason sides with Ridicule.—
ANON.

HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE established anniversary of her Majesty's Birth, on the 18th of January, was this year celebrated with the accustomed ceremonials, but with less of courtly splendour than is remembered to have been witnessed on any similar occasion. Her Majesty received, as usual, the compliments and congratulations of many of the Nobility, and also many of the Commonalty,—for the citizens seemed, this day, to vie with, if not surpass, the magnificence of the courtiers. Among the various branches of the Imperial Family of these kingdoms, who surrounded their Royal Matron, the entrance of their "Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales," nearly at the same time, together with their continuing longer than usual in their public stations, did not escape the notice of the Court generally. Many of the august company enjoyed the privilege of hearing Mr. Pye's 'Ode for the New Year,' as "set to Music" by Sir William Parsons.

HER MAJESTY, who completed her sixty-fourth year on the 19th of last May, was becomingly, as well as royally, attired.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, (1809)

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. P. L.

Full orb'd in equinoctial skies,
When the pale moon malignant rides,
And bids the howling tempets rise,
And swells the ocean's briny tides,
Dreadful against the sounding shore
The winds and waves tumultuous roar,
The torrent-braving mound in vain
The stormy inroad would restrain,
The surges with resistless sway
Force o'er the labour'd mole their way,
Scorn every weak resource of human toil,
O'erwhelm the peopled town, and waste the cultur'd soil.

But when, by native fences barr'd
From billowy rage, the happier land,
And rocky cliffs for ever stand
To the wide-water'd coast a guard,
Such as on Vecta's southern steep
Look down defiance on the raging deep,
Such as on Dover's breezy down
On Gallia's hostile borders frown,
Tho' billows urging billows roar
And idly beat against the shore,
While from the heights sublime the swain
Mocks the vain efforts of the foaming main,
Till nature bids the deluged surge subside,
Hush'd is the tempest's voice, and refluent rolls the tide.

So o'er European's savage plin
We saw the torrent wild of war
Resistless spread its iron reign,
And scatter ruin wide and far;
The embattled wall, the warlike band,
Vainly the Tyrant's course withstand;
Before the impious sons of Gaul
The legions fly, the bulwarks fall;
Yet Britain's floating castles sweep
Invasion from her subject deep,
Yet by her rocks secure from harm,
Securer by her patriot arm,
Iberia turns the battle's tide,
Resists the injurious Tyrant's pride,
While, freely floating in the ambient sky,
Sacred to Freedom's cause, their mingled ensigns fly.

MEN OF FASHION.

We have the satisfaction of announcing considerable changes, as to men, in our system of fashionable adornment. Those who take the lead among our youth of fashion, intend, we understand, to adopt the style of habiliment which, some years ago, characterised the *English Gentlemen*; and which was also worn, pretty generally, in every part of Europe.—Blue, or brown, coats, with fancy waistcoat and leather breeches, are expected to prevail among the higher classes of society: the latter accommodation will not be worn so loosely as when they were last *a-la-mode* among us. Gentlemen, in fine, will thus become, as they ought always to be, perfectly distinguishable, even by their dress, from the perambulating herd of clerks, and shopmen, and unliveried and unemployed lacqueys; as well as from ostlers, grooms, or pugilists. What a desirable revolution!

CHIT-CHAT.

Nothing excites more attention, in the circles of fashion, than the Marquis of Stafford's Cœmetry; which, conformably with the taste of pagan dignity, he has caused to be erected, very conspicuously, on his own estate. While the renowned ancestors of this nobleman committed their remains to consecrated ground and christian edifices, their present illustrious descendant intend, it is presumed, to entomb himself by the side of the public road, and in an unconsecrated cœmetry. New things in a new world.—

It has indeed been told me (with what weight,
How credibly, 'tis hard for me to state),
That fables old, which seem'd for ever mute,
Reviv'd, are hastening into fresh repute;
And gods and goddesses, discarded long
Like useless lumber or a stroller's song,
Are bringing into vogue their heathen train;
And Jupiter bids fair to rule again!

— — — — — — —

That having prov'd the weakness, it should seem,
Of Revelation's ineffectual beam,
They mean to try what may, at last, be done
By stout substantial gods of wood and stone;
And whether Roman rites may not produce
The virtues of old Rome—for English use.

COWPER.

We have tried over again, in our late age of reason, the effect of the light of nature; and, if our experience is to be regularly progressive, the age of paganism ought once more to precede the age of popery!

The modern revolution will then have been completed. We seem fond of trying every thing for ourselves; and when it is discovered by us (as most certainly it will be discovered!) that the light of Nature is not sufficient for us, that Christianity is preferable even to Philosophical Heathenism, and that Protestantism is really better than Popery, we shall then, in religion as in politics, contentedly return to the old paths from which we had wandered. So goes the world!

An alarming defect is stated to have been discovered in the present system of training up young ladies. Our blooming beauties design and embroider, and play and sing, and can assume their parts in theatricals; but the badness of the times leaves them no leisure to think of preparing for becoming mothers!

Modesty, we understand, who has long been in the fidgets in different quarters of the metropolis, has not yet determined as to her winter residence. Mary-le-bone lately made strong efforts to secure the partial continuance of her favours. She is growing rather antiquated, but is still highly respected and possesses considerable influence. She is of too settled habits, we trust, to think of travelling from her native country.

It is proposed to publish, for the express benefit of corporate bodies, a new annual work in imitation of 'l'Almanack des Gourmands.' Sir Richard Phillips, owing to his established determination of not allowing any indulgence to the "carniverous appetites," is not expected to embark in this otherwise eligible speculation.

"Small mouths," writes a dashing *aimant*, "are sadly in requisition among our fair countrywomen; who, where they have not the felicity of possessing them, would do well not to extend large mouths! The Venus of Medicis has her lips half-closed. "As to the face," adds this interesting amateur, "it is the mouth which, of all other parts, best displays the graces of expression:—this ark of love should be small, and finely conformed! Gross lips, and large mouths, are most contrary to feminine beauty; as they indicate those propensities which approach to animal gratification, rather than those feelings which compose intellectual sensibility.

A certain rumoured change of Ministry causes considerable emotion in the lovers of letters; since the Morning Chronicle was always witty before its patrons got into power, and began again to be witty the day after they were ejected from power.

Rheumatism is becoming one of the Fashionable Maladies.

Formerly young ladies had better dowries, with less accomplishments; but now they have less dowries, with more accomplishments.

Clement of Alexandria was sufficiently austere respecting female beautifying. He compared those women who neglected to embellish their souls, while their time was occupied in adorning their bodies, to the false Deities of Egypt; who were cats and crocodiles and serpents, but divinely lodged in sumptuous temples!—Was he not a most tasteless pedagogue?

A man of fashion is now expected to talk, as well as to walk.

Good women are not quite out of vogue—since there are many still found without heads!

Anacreon Moore is reported to have stopped exactly in the middle of the 'Philosophy of Pleasure!'—

> Sous le plus séduisant des titres,
> L'ouvrage tient ce qu'il promet:
> Il est divisé par chapitres;
> Tout sont de plus vif intérêt!

I read (remarks Marmontel) that Pericles sacrificed all his mornings to the graces; by which I understand, that Pericles breakfasted every day with Aspasia.

Does not one read with infinite satisfaction such intelligence as the following?—"Yesterday the *Duke of Montrose*, as Master of the *Horse to his Majesty*, inspected the horses, &c. &c. at the King's Mews, near Charing Cross." Happy horses!

Since Mr. Wardell intends bringing Mrs. Clarke down to the House of Commons, some fears are entertained, on the part of the *lady's* friends, lest *matters* should be *exposed before a full house*." Such at least is the opinion of a very shrewd fellow, who

boasts of his having been once a Barber to the respectable Alderman Curtis; and who has, without waiting for any instructions from Mr. Perceval, our present worthy Chancellor of the Exchequer, made all possible enquiries in the neighbourhood of Threadneedle Street!

The Lords of the Treasury, it should seem, have not been able to find any estate for the perpetuation of the dignity of Admiral Lord Nelson's Family. What (asks Alderman Curtis's Barber) has become of Lord Nelson himself?

Is not the following paragraph, which appeared in almost all the newspapers of these united kingdoms, something like an *inducement to thievery*?—"Yesterday the *Jewels* belonging to *Her Majesty* and the *Princesses*, were removed from the Bank; in consequence of their having removed to the *Queen's Palace* for the season." Alderman Curtis's Barber wondered, after hearing this intelligence, that there had not lately been several mad people at Buckingham House. He appears very anxious to know, at the same time, what was Admiral Holloway's whim for sending *Four Black Ducks*, as a *present*, to her *Majesty*.

We learn that the stake-money (250 guineas), for the next battle between Crib and Belcher, is now made good; as also another 100 guineas stake-money, for the match between young Belcher and one Farnborough. And what is more proper, adds our correspondent, than *stakes* for *bears*?

"The Master of the Ceremonies' *Ball*," says a Bath paper of January the 11th, "at the Upper Room, on Monday last, was so excessively crowded, that it might truly be likened to *a mob*—were not that *too vulgar a term* to apply to such an assemblage of *Fashionables*," &c. So much for the athenæum delicacy of this writer.

Now, in order to adjust, if at all adjustable, the difficulty of applying the epithet *mob* to *high life*, we have taken the trouble to cite almost an indisputable authority on the subject. "Whenever this word," observes the author of Tom Jones, "*the mob*, occurs in our writings, it intends persons without virtue, or sense, in *all stations*; and many of the *highest rank* are often meant by it." Fielding, to be sure, was rather an *old-fashioned* sort of gentleman!

Among other reports we feel concerned to state that *Sir Francis Burdett*, according to the fears of his best friends, *is politically indisposed!* It is imagined that the air of Westminster would agree better with him than that of Wimbledon. The speedy and permanent restoration of his *constitutional* vigour is, however, very extensively desired.

POPULAR PLEASURES.

Taste, that eternal wanderer! that flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.—

POPE.

THE DRAMA.

Of dramatic, as of literary, criticism there is enough to complain. Notwithstanding all the ridicule attached to Sir Richard Phillips, during his exposition of *reviewing knavery*, in one of our courts of law, his opinions, respecting the conduct of critics, have already made considerable impression upon intelligent and thinking individuals. Judgment is too seldom candidly delivered, written secretly but published openly, on the merits either of authors or actors. Every critic entertains his partialities and his prejudices; which too often extend to the persons, no less than to the talents, of public characters. Hence the undiscriminating eulogies, the unmerited censures, or the malevolent aspersions of criticism. Hence, indeed, as Pope long since declared, it is that

Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.

Nor is this all. Assuming to himself a species

of mental infallibility, together with his supposed mental superiority; the critic, accustomed to find his opinions often received and seldom contested, becomes fortified in his very fallacies, while, perhaps, it is owing to these fallacies that he is frequently rendered insensible to the real excellencies of those who happen to come under his inquisitorial investigation. What a picture is this of fallible infallibility!

Without pretending to be ourselves exempted from those infirmities which unhappily belong to human nature, we shall, in fulfilling this part of our public duty, which will consist in noticing the POPULAR PLEASURES of this extensive and extending metropolis, honestly labour to divest ourselves of those prejudices which disgrace human nature. We fear, indeed, that we may find much, by far too much, to blame; while we shall find little, by far too little, to praise. We are hopeful, however, of being able to preserve, on the whole, a tolerably good understanding between criticism and candour. While we shall not spoil the child by sparing the rod, we shall always apply the latter only so as to benefit the former. We have really no conception of the pleasures of malevolence.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Thursday, Jan. 5, 1809, was exhibited, in this theatre, a new comedy entitled MAN AND WIFE; OR, MORE SECRETS THAN ONE. This piece is the production of Mr. Arnold, son of the late celebrated Musical Composer of the same name, who is also author of one or two Novels, and has produced other Dramas. His present comedy was aptly introduced with the following

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. MATHEWS.

As Plays increase, to strike out something *new*,
What, in the name of wit, can Authors do?
For ages past they've cull'd from Nature's store,
And drawn the self-same features, o'er and o'er.—
Many, 'tis true, have Nature's paths forsaken,
Drawn apes for beaux, and wags for wits mistaken;
Strange fools and coxcombs they have plac'd in view,
Yet copied life, and made the picture true!
But Man and Wife!—I fear you'll all exclaim,
Can any novelty be found in them?
For if the Bard should sketch them gay and free,
Obliging, kind, as Man and Wife *should be*—
You all, methinks, would cavil at each feature,
And say—the thing was *new*—but out of nature;
And should he make them live like *Dog* and *Cat*,
Alack the day! there's nothing new in that!

Still, all these pictures of domestic strife
Vary according to the rank in life—
Wond'rous the diff'rence 'twixt the wedded pair
Of Broad St. Giles's, and St. James's Square!
The high-bred pair once wed, are *one*, and therefore
Are *two* directly without *why* or *wherefore!*
He at the clubs the fatal elbow shakes,
Returns, at sun-rise, and at sun-set wakes—
While *she*, at routs the *war* of elbows dares,
Half squeez'd to death—delightful—on the stairs;
But what cares she for squeezing, who displays
The iron fence of Mrs. Bailey's stays?
He desperate games—she braves the desperate throngs—
Here rattle dice—*there*—louder—rattle tongues;
Separate in tastes, pursuits, and in expence—
Alike in nothing—save indifference—
Till separate *interests*, separate claims advance,
And end, too oft, in separate maintenance!
Quarrels in lower life, 'twixt John and Joan,
By very different characters are known!
His is the weaker side in wordy strife,
For *talking's* still the charter of the *wife*,
But John has argument to *strike* her *dumb*—
'Tis in a stick—the thickness of his thumb!
Such as his *right*, did once a grave Judge name,
And when did *John* forget his *rights* to claim?
But soft—our bard to-night has drawn from life,
An intermediate kind of Man and Wife!
And in that title 'twill perhaps appear,
That something more is meant than meets the ear!

If it be perplexious interfering between 'Man and Wife,' it is also as difficult to delineate the characteristic difficulties incidental to the matrimonial intercourse. With some claims to novelty, Mr. Arnold must not flatter himself that, in this instance, he is entitled to the higher merit of originality. His situations are rather contrived than invented; and he has fallen into the common error of representing human nature as it ought, according to certain imaginary conceptions of propriety, to appear. Why do author's continue thus to contemplate humanity through "the spectacles of books?"

As to the plot of 'Man and Wife,' if plot it must claim, it is more involved than interwoven; and its incidents surprise rather by strangeness of position, than by felicity of occurrence. The latter observation applies to the charac-

ters of this comedy. Invention, the stamp of mind, is the great quality in which, with too many dramatists, Mr. Arnold is deficient. Let him not depend so much on the concerted plaudits of friendship. Real popularity will always attend the exertions of real literary ability; but factitious theatrical majorities will, like political ones, though they may serve to mislead the public for a season, deceive the writer they were designed to support, and terminate in disgust and desertion.

'Man and Wife,' however, is not the worst of recent comedies. It is respectably written; and, in its scenic cast, the performers severally exerted their utmost abilities. Mrs. Jordon as *Ellen*, Mr. Johnstone as *Cornelius O'Dedimus*, and Mr. Mathews as *Clerk* to Johnstone, who represents an *honest Irish Attorney* (Do they make *such* Bulls in Ireland?), were particularly excellent. This comedy was, and continues to be, favourably received.

COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY.

Novelty, the heroine of our nation, does not now deign to brandish her harlequin wand over the boards of the Hay-market Theatre. We shall, therefore, just glance at Mr. Young, in his enactments of *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, and *Beverley*. Mr. Young, as the now substitute and eventual successor of Mr. Kemble, justifies our attention to him.

In acting, as well as in painting, perfection can only be attained by drawing a just resemblance of the object which we intend to represent, and a good actor, like a skilful artist, will keep nature constantly in his eye, during the delineation of a character, that he may not give too great a prominence to any one part of his performance, but assign to each that place in the canvas to which each is entitled. To give a sketch or outline of nature is in the power of many, but to throw in the brilliancy of colour, distribute the light and shade, in their due proportions, and give effect to those little minutiæ of the art which mark a correct and refined taste, and to mellow the too harsh features of the performance, and diffuse that harmony over the whole, which alone reaches to perfection, is the work only of a great master. Nature must always do much for an actor, but study will do more, and if some of our best performers were to devote more time to the closet, and less to the stage, they would eventually find themselves amply recompensed for a temporary self-denial by the liberality of an approving public. Continual practice in acting is not so necessary as seems to be generally conceived, for it too often engenders bad habits which are difficult to be removed, and it is no less dangerous from that chicanery and stage-trick which seems to be firmly rooted in our Theatres.

In the character of *Hamlet* Mr. Young has acquired a fame which he is not likely to lose—a fame indeed which he has in a great measure deserved, although we cannot give his performance our unlimited approbation. To view a correct resemblance of nature we should consider the performer as embodied in the character, and instead of beholding Mr. Young, think we view *Hamlet* only. By this means we may be enabled (as far as it is possible) to deceive ourselves into a belief of the reality of the scene before us, and we shall consequently discover when the actor "o'erteps the modesty of nature" or loses sight of the character which he personates. Sorry are we to say, that though we often beheld *Hamlet*, we sometimes saw Mr. Young. Hamlet is a part difficult to be played, not only on account of its extreme length, which, however, requires considerable strength of voice, but also from those violent contending passions which agitated the mind, almost from the commencement of his play. In the soliloquies Mr. Young is less happy than in other parts, here he wants variety, and he makes too frequent use of the old practice of lowering the voice almost into a whisper, and raising it suddenly to the highest pitch, and although this is variety, it is not nature—this he uses very injudiciously in that speech beginning *O that this too solid flesh would melt*, for *Hamlet's* grief here is deep not loud, and partakes but little of that violence which ensues after the discovery of his father's murder—but if this were recited in a more even tone of voice it would mark a gradation between one part and the other, which might create a very natural variety. In his first interview with the *Ghost*, his manner is also very faulty. Mr. Young places a period at the end of each line, thereby destroying the connection which should exist between them; there is certainly no period as it is written, and it should therefore be repeated without lowering the voice, till where he says, "I will speak to thee."—Yet Mr. Young is very happy in the preceding and following scene, and more particularly in that with *Ophelia*, where his performance is marked by a singular taste and delicacy; and the manner in which he apprises *Horatio* in the next scene that "they are coming to the play," has seldom

been exceeded. Some actors are apt to suppose that when they have done speaking, they have done all that is required of them.—Mr. Young is not one of those. He attends to the dumb-shew of the scene very assiduously and successfully—while the mock play is performing, his earnest attention to the motions of the *King* and *Queen*, which he endeavours to conceal by playing with *Ophelia's* fan, and his solicitude to know whether she observes him, were very happily expressed, and when the *King* rises, his exultation as he cries "what frighted with false fire!" electrified the audience. In the closet scene, his passion rose very naturally, he seemed to enter into the true meaning of his author, and his revengeful smile after the murder of *Polonius*, when he asks, "is it the King?"—appeared like the genuine burst and impulse of the moment.—After the third act it must be acknowledged that the interest of the play decreases—*Hamlet's* purpose does indeed *seem blunted*, and his departure for England appears to dissipate all his ideas of revenge, nor can the madness of *Ophelia*, or the fury of *Laertes* atone for this want of interest—nay, even *Hamlet's* return fails to revive the spirit of the play, and the catastrophe itself is the effect of the *King's* machinations, and not of *Hamlet's* efforts for revenge.—This circumstance renders it more difficult for the actor to keep up the spirit of his character, and in this respect Mr. Young's exertions merit commendation. In the scene with *Laertes* in the churchyard his passion was natural and affecting, yet just before when he held the skull to his nose and enquired if "Alexander smelt so," his countenance did not express that disgust which such an action might be supposed to create. He very judiciously seizes the opportunity of falling as he wrestles with *Horatio* for the poisoned cup, his exertion seems the last effort of expiring nature, and it winds up his performance in an impressive and masterly manner. On the whole we must consider him as an actor of great merit. His principal faults are the hackneyed tricks of his profession, such as raising and lowering his voice too suddenly, turning away from the person that he addresses, and a few others, and these are the more unpardonable, because they are easily avoided—but we do not hesitate to pronounce that if Mr. Young will exert his judgment and improve it by study, he will be little if at all, inferior, to any performer we have in this line of acting.

The attraction of Mr. Young's acting drew (Wednesday, January 11), an "overflowing audience" to witness his enactment of *Macbeth*, his *Lady* being Mrs. Siddons. Sensible of the difficulties of the part, and of the peculiarities of his situation, we were prepared to make all fair allowances for any unimportant defects in Mr. Young's personification of *Macbeth*. He therefore equalled, if not surpassed, our most sanguine expectations.

Taking his own judgment for his guide, and deriving his inspiration from his feelings, Mr. Young pourtrayed the ambition of his hero, as well in his looks as in his words. His soliloquy, when departing to announce, to his Lady, the approach of Duncan, expressed, in its delivery, the stifled energy of passions struggling for utterance. His address to the fancied dagger was originally grand. His remorseful indecision before perpetrating the murder of the King, and his precautions when he is about to commit the murder, were finely impressive; but when the murderous commission is executed, he complained, to his Lady, that he could not pronounce his "Amen!" he did not exhibit the plaintive sublimity of his great dramatic prototype. When, however, he seemed, at the Banquet, to have driven *Banquo's Ghost* from the scene, exclaiming "I am a man again," he shone with unborrowed and unrivalled splendour. He fought, at the close of his guilty career, as *Macbeth* must be supposed to have fought—with the energy of despair, deriving animation from hopelessness, and, since life must be less, parting with life at the cost of the conqueror! With a burst of rage congenial with his character, though falling wounded on the ground, he hurls his sword, which he is no longer capable of wielding, at his foe; and he expires in the strong, and justly expressed, agonies of terror and despair. Mr. Young has only to follow his natural conceptions and emotions, and to avoid, as the greatest possible calamity to his reputation, all theatrical imitations and extravagances.

Friday (January 13), Mr. Young appeared in the part of *Beverley*, in the excellently impressive tragedy of '*The Gamester*.' It will not disserve Mr. Young, we trust, when we pronounce him very superior, in this part, to Mr. Kemble.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

Saturday, January 7th, the season of Opera commenced. The theatre has been refitted with great care; the boxes new-papered and painted, and the benches as well as chairs renewed.

A new Comic Opera, entitled, *La Capriccioso Pentita*, by Fioravanti, introduced new Prima Buffa, Signori Collini. After a singer and

actress of such excellence as Catalani, the task was uncommonly arduous, and demanded no small degree of indulgence from the public. Madame Collini seemed to feel the difficulty she had to encounter, and her manners powerfully influenced the spectators in her favour. This first impression was soon ripened into favour, for she displayed very superior powers both of voice and action. In her features she resembles the captivating Grassini, and her tone is also of the same quality. She sung with ease, clearness, and taste. The music is a promising specimen of the master, and was very much applauded. Naldi was received with the warm welcome which he deserves; for his comedy is a high treat to the Connoisseur.

A new Divertisement and Ballet displayed the strength of the corps of Dancers. We have had no such talents for many years. Young Vestris sprung forward with all the power and activity which his father possessed seventeen years ago; and the same astonishing talent seemed to be revived and identified. We have no doubt but that his performance will excite the same furor. It is really wonderful. The force, truth, and neatness with which he performs his movements exceed any thing that we have seen since the day of his father—for Des Hayes is a performer of another class. The graceful attitude and air of the one, with the wonderful execution of the other, will compose a picture perfect in its kind. The house was in a paroxism of vociferation in the *pas de deux* of Vestris and his partner, Mademoiselle Angiolini. She is extremely elegant in her figure, *petite*, but finely formed; and she has acquired the manner of Vestris. Her equilibrium is perfect. She finishes the most difficult movement with truth; and her posture has great strength. Certainly since the first year of Des Hayes, when he had also Didelot and Rose, we have had no such *Corps de Ballet* in regard to principals as were exhibited on the above night.

REVIEW OF EVENTS.

Mistress, at least while Providence shall please,
And trident-bearing Queen of the wide Seas!
Why having kept good faith, and often shown
Friendship and truth to others, find'st thou none?
Thou, that hast set the persecuted free,
None interposes now to succour thee:
Countries indebted to thy power, that shine
With light deriv'd from thee, would smother thine!
Thy very children watch for thy disgrace,
A lawless brood! and curse thee to thy face!
Thy rulers load thy credit, year by year,
With sums peruvian mines could never clear!—

COWPER.

CÆSAR has passed his rubicon! While Napoleon Bonaparte is traversing Spain, Cevallos, knowing how to be all things to all men, is deputed, as ambassador from the Supreme Junta, to England; and Moria, formerly the most patriotic of Spanish Generals, remains in Madrid attached to the interests of France—advising the Supreme Junta by letter, "not to suffer the English to get possession of any of the fortified towns of Spain, but, on the contrary, to fortify the sea-ports against them." So much for the promise of Spanish Patriotism!

Certainly my Lord Grenville was right, when, according to our parliament reporters, he "considered the possession of Spain as of vital importance to Bonaparte," and "the greatest interest for which he had ever contended;" but, and especially if "the battle of England is to be now fought in Spain," what must we think of the Declaration of Lieut.-Gen. Hope, di-

rectly after the Victory of Corunna, that "circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope that the victory, with which it had pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army, can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain?" Such a declaration, from such a quarter, demands our most mature consideration.

I trust that our bitterest enemies will respect the earthly remains of Sir John Moore! Like Wolfe and Abercrombie and Nelson, he died, as he had lived, in the most honorable department of the service of his country; and the foe, I still think, does not much regret the victories of Alexandria and Trafalgar and Corunna, when he reflects that they have been purchased on our part, with the lives of an Abercrombie, a Nelson, and a Moore!!!

"Oh, my Country!" formed, it is generally understood, the dying exclamation of the late William Pitt. One is inclined to believe that, in the awful moments of his dissolution, he had glimpses of the calamities impending over the nations; and that "the pilot" who was hastily described, by the most distinguished of his successors now at the helm, as having "weathered the storm," himself saw, in fact, that the real desolation was then only commencing. Mr. Pitt seems to have discovered, though too late, the real situation of his country. While he had prided himself on being the only statesman who possessed "nerves" calculated to resist our political adversary, he found at last, that individual fortitude, however commendable, was not alone adequate to the contest; and also, that of the two main sinews of war, iron and gold, still the former prevailed over the latter. It was not the Berosus of Britain who should have been pitted against the Monarch of the Iron Crown.—"The diseased state of the world doth so concur with this his active forwardness, as it giveth him matter to work upon; and he is the only man to be seen of all them in distress or desirous of alteration." See my Lord Bacon's Political Papers.

I cannot easily express the mingled emotions with which I am agitated in reflecting on the death of the gallant Sir John Moore. * Sorrow and triumph, exultation, and

* Sir J. Moore was born at Glasgow, and was one of the sons of Dr. Moore, then a physician in that city; but afterwards known to the world by numerous works of Literature, which rank him high as a just and philosophical observer of human life and manners, and an elegant and pleasing writer. Dr. Moore travelled with the late Duke of Hamilton on the Continent; and on this occasion he was accompanied by his son, afterwards Sir J. Moore, who had thus an excellent opportunity of finishing his education, and acquiring a facility in the modern languages. General Moore entered the service early in life, and as he soon displayed his military talents, his rise was rapid. In 1801 he was appointed Colonel of the 52d regiment, and rose to the rank of Major-General in 1808. Corsica was the first scene in which he had an opportunity of shewing his military talents; and here on many occasions he displayed his personal bravery and good conduct. He was next sent out to the West Indies, in 1795, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, where, by his distinguished conduct, he acquired the full confidence of that great General, who selected Sir J. Moore to accompany him in his expedition to Holland, in 1799, where he was slightly wounded. In the expedition to Egypt, however, he had a more ample field for establishing his character as an excellent Officer. On that occasion, he commanded at the disembarkation of the forces, and his conduct was deemed a master-piece of generalship, of which even Bonaparte himself is said to have declared that it was worthy of the ablest General that ever lived. At the battle of Alexandria, General Moore was wounded, when leading on the reserve with his usual gallantry; and on his return, his Majesty conferred upon him the honour of Knighthood, and the Order of the Bath. Sir J. Moore was in active service during almost the whole of the present war. He commanded at Shorncliff, in Kent, and afterwards succeeded General Fox in the command of the troops at Sicily. The expedition to Sweden, in which he commanded, had not that satisfactory result which was to be wished; but Ministers have uniformly declared, that this proceeded from no misconduct whatever on his part. The transactions of the army in Spain are too recent to call for any recapitulation; he fell most gloriously at the post of danger, and in animating his troops to those exertions, by which a complete repulse

depression, are the sensations excited within me, not only for the loss of that estimable general, but also for the fate of those who accompanied him to battle, and to death; and for whom there exists hundreds, perhaps thousands, whose

"Sighs must last when every other breast
"Exults in safety, purchas'd by their loss!"

As there are honourable retreats, so there are mortifying victories. Not to dwell, however, upon delicate and disagreeable topics, I shall observe, in the lines of Waller, that there have happened military predicaments, or history is full of falsities, in which it may be seen—

Virtue with rage, fury with valour strove;
But that must fall which is decreed above!

"I HOPE THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND WILL BE SATISFIED—I HOPE MY COUNTRY," said the Dying Hero, "WILL DO ME JUSTICE." Memorable words, and deserving the immortality of the spirit by which they were

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of the enemy, and the safe embarkation of our army, were secured. He had put himself at the head of the 42d regiment, in order to support the right of the army, and had just finished a short address to his soldiers, when he was mortally wounded by a cannon ball. From all that we have heard of the character of Sir John Moore, he seems to have been a man exclusively devoted to the military profession. He was a complete soldier, and a strict disciplinarian, so that the 52d regiment, of which he was Colonel, and which he had under his command at Shorncliffe, was generally looked up to as a model in point of discipline and manœuvres. He seems to have had all those talents, which, had he been destined to command a Continental Army upon a large scale, and a protracted warfare, would probably have placed him in the same rank with the first Generals of modern Europe. He was unmarried; his mother is still alive, and resides at Cobham, in Surrey. One of his brothers, Captain Graham Moore, was Commodore of the fleet which convoyed the Royal Family of Portugal to the Brazils; he has several other brothers, who are all respectable professional men.

The following interesting account of the last moments of this most lamented Officer is given by one of his most confidential attendants and friends (we believe Col. Anderson), who was by the side of the Hero in his last moments, and with whom he deposited his expiring wishes:—

"I met the General on the evening of the 16th instant, as some soldiers were bringing him into Corunna, supported in a blanket with sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark; squeezed me by the hand, and said, 'Do not leave me.'—He spoke to the surgeons on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say but little. After some time, he seemed very anxious to speak to me: and, at intervals, expressed himself as follows:—The first thing he asked was—'Are the French beaten?'—which inquiry he repeated to all those he knew as they entered the room. On being assured by all that the French were beaten, he exclaimed—'I HOPE THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND WILL BE SATISFIED—I HOPE MY COUNTRY WILL DO ME JUSTICE.—You will see my friends as soon as you possibly can—tell them every thing—say to my mother'—(*here his voice failed him*)—'HOPE—HOPE—I have much to say, but cannot get it out.—Is Colonel Graham, and are all my Aides-de-Camp well? I have made my will, and have remembered my servants.—Colborne has my will, and all my papers?'

"Major Colborne (his principal Aid-de-Camp) then came into the room—he spoke most kindly to him, and then said to me—'*Remember* you go to———, and tell him it is my *request*, and that *I expect* he will befriend Major Colborne—he has been long with me, and I know him most worthy of it.' He then again asked Major Colborne if the French were beaten; and on being told they were repulsed on every point, he said—'it was a great satisfaction, in his last moments, to *know he had beat the French.*'

"Is General Paget in the room?'—On my telling him he was not, he said, 'Remember me to him—

"'I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying:—I am in great pain.'

"He then thanked the Doctors for their attention.

"Captains Percy and Stanhope came into the room—he spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy if all his Aides-de-Camp were well—he pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle.

"He said to me, while the Surgeons were examining his wound—'YOU KNOW I HAVE ALWAYS WISHED TO DIE THIS WAY.'—As far as I can recollect, this is every thing he said except asking to be placed in an easier posture."

dictated! Yes, distinguished General! yes, noble Patriot! yes, THY COUNTRY NOW DOES THEE JUSTICE—THOU ART SATISFIED EVEN THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND!

"THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND!"—Let me catch the solemn words, as they were breathed from the lips of this their departed champion, and bind them tremulously on my heart. Hear him acknowledge, O People of England! that it is you, calumniated as are your characters, he wishes to satisfy; and that is to you he looks for justice.

LET THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND BE ALWAYS SATISFIED!—Have they not an acknowledged right to be satisfied? Meaning honestly, and feeling fervently, the "People of England" are given to write, or speak, explicitly. Convince their minds, and you conquer their hearts. Opinion, and the expression of it, is their distinguishing birthright. Evasion never satisfies them. "There is a wide difference," as Fielding remarks, "between the case of a man who is barely acquitted in a court of justice, and of him who is acquitted in his own heart and in the opinion of the people."

Merciful Heaven!—where are we? It cannot be possible, at the commencement of the year one thousand eight hundred and nine, after so long experiencing the blessings resulting from the liberty of speaking and writing,—can it be possible, for any *one* of our countrymen, to propose shackling the freedom of public expression? Edmund Burke himself, who will not now be suspected of having been propitious to jacobinism, was contented to "*Live down*," as he said, the *calumnies* of the day! When did either Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox, widely as they otherwise differed in character, attempt to *punish* the species of *writing*, now termed libellous, by which they were incessantly assailed? No: those eminent personages cherished nobler ideas of their own reputation, and too much respected the real interests of their country. Even Bonaparte laughed when he was informed of our prosecuting Peltier!

I have looked over the Proceedings of Parliament: but having already glanced at one of the most important topics broached in it, and not being at liberty now to discuss another of its still more momentous topics, it does not appear necessary for me to enter into our senatorial detail. Votes of Thanks, to our Warriors lately acting in Portugal and Spain, have passed the Houses; and a Monument is ordered by them to be erected, most justly indeed, to the Memory of Sir John Moore, in the Cathedral of Saint Paul. Sir John Moore, it appears, was buried in a grave dug by the hands of the Officers of his Staff, without any coffin, and in his uniform. It was the burial of a soldier, and he was buried like a soldier!

Foreign Affairs do not bear any very auspicious relation to Great Britain.—America seems inseparable from France, Austria submissive to her, and Russia devoted to her. Such is France, though once declared, by Mr. Burke, to be expunged from the Map of Europe! Spirit of the Politician of Beaconsfield—dost thou now see these things? And, art thou now properly acquainted with that Power, which confounds the wisdom of the wisest, and disappoints their anticipations?

Once more, it is stated, a Flag of Truce has arrived from the Ruler of France!

January 30, 1809. *NEMO.*

ANTICIPATIONS: OR, WHAT IS TO COME.

My heart hath been a storehouse long of things,
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

MILTON.

Sir,

I have remarked in several of your political disquisitions and observations, which I confess are written with ability and intelligence, your commendable enthusiasm respecting the success of the Spaniards, and your determined detestation of the Imperial Napoleon. All this is well. Not only every liberal, but every politic individual, among us, ought, as far as we can see, to wish to behold this triumph of patriotism over tyranny; and to resist, when at all practicable, the lawless subjugators of mankind. If therefore we differ on these subjects, it is, generally, respecting the practicability or impracticability of the object proposed to be ultimately attained; rather as to the means which are proper to be adopted, than as to the end that is designed to be accomplished. I, however, feel some difficulties concerning the end itself. Most ardently do I wish, Sir, that I, and those who think with me on this occasion, may be utterly confounded by finding the result exactly contrary to our fatal premonitions!

Although I do not desire to see our prophets, which are our priests, become politicians, I really wish that our politicians, especially when these happen to be our governors also, would imagine some portion of prophecy with their politics; and since they affect to believe in, and require us to supplicate the protection of, one DIVINE PROVIDENCE, of whom and by whom is all power, by whom alone even earthly Kings are declared to reign,—since these things are so, and by us nationally acknowledged to be so, how comes it that, in all our cabinet calculations, we never seem to enquire whose arm it is that we know to be stretched out upon the nations of the earth, or what purpose the present revolutions of empires may be designed to bring about? How is it that we are still blinded to the Signs of these last eventful Times?—We have ears, but will not hear; we have eyes, but will not see; and we have understandings, but will not even endeavour to comprehend what is now transacting in the world. While we carry in our hands the lamp of divine illumination, we refuse to walk by its light!

Standing at the Head of the Protestant Religion, to which we are indebted for all our freedom and glory, have we not been fighting, as uselessly as afflictingly, for the interests of the Roman Catholic Church? Have we not been vainly resisting the progress of the very man—I say nothing of him individually—who has declared, in the face of the nations, that he would destroy the Papal Power; who, self-crowned as self-raised, disdained to accept his diadem from the hands of a Roman Pontiff, and who has since annihilated the Inquisition, the most dreadful engine of popish politics, and who is rapidly dissipating the grossest Ecclesiastical Superstitions?

What are we doing?—Watchman, what of the night?

Wise in our own eyes, our politics, with which we are so perpetually reproached, have beguiled our minds and betrayed our real interests. We never entered heartily into the conflicts of the surrounding nations, because we felt no reason to engage in them; and yet, against this self-conviction, we have stupidly struggled to defend those countries which did not wish to defend themselves. We have done more. We have when smote on one cheek, turned, though not religiously, the other cheek to the smiter. It was deemed politic in us to support the exiled family of the Bourbons; who had shewed themselves our bitterest enemies, and who were as avowedly hostile to the principles both of civil and religious liberty.

Watchman, what of the night?—The night is far spent, it has now lasted twenty years; but, perhaps, there remain another three years to be endured.

Suppose, if distant tokens cannot alarm us, that nearer symptoms should indicate our condition! One bitter season scarcely passed over our heads, peradventure two still more trying winters are at hand. Those who do not care for a pinch, may be stunned by a blow.

Watchman, again, what of the night?—Napoleon Bonaparte, whether Emperor or

destroyer, has his part, and must perform it, in the great drama of human affairs. What is the part he has so to perform?

Napoleon Bonaparte, call him what we will, has his commission; and if it be from the prince of the power of the air himself, still it is in subordination to him to whom the kingdoms of this world are profered. What is this commission, which he is bound to execute?

Three times he has offered us peace; and three times have we, either instantly or ultimately rejected it.—Did he ever make the same tender to any other nation? He knows, and respects, his bounds: we are not so wise. He would commit to us, what he cannot manage, the Empire of the Ocean; and he would have for himself, what we cannot acquire, the Dominion of the Continent. Are we not peevishly contending against obstacles which it will be found impossible for us to overcome?

Opinion is also of consequence. France entertains only one opinion, right or wrong, as to the contest in which she is engaged. England, to say the least of it, is thoroughly divided in opinion. What is the fate apportioned to the house divided against itself?

He has told us, this self-made potentate, the Emperor Napoleon, this creator of royalties has advised us, over and over, of the purposes for which he was raised up, and which he is destined to fulfill. Hitherto he has pretty truly adhered to his public denunciations. He has often been ridiculed; but, when has he been effectually resisted?

Let us not deceive ourselves. Suppose, instead of combatting usurpation itself, it should be discovered that we have been merely fighting against the person of the usurper! Suppose, while we have been struggling against the tyrant, we should ourselves to have been assisting the cause of tyranny! Let him alone, since opposition only stimulates his activity. Man of war as he is, still be it remembered that he who made him, when his appointed task is accomplished, can make his sword to approach unto him!

It is the error of nations, as well as of individuals, to be often striving against omnipotence, instead of tracing its ways and comprehending its dispensations; but this is always a dangerous, and sometimes a fatal, error. If we are not admonished by what we see, we may expect to be corrected by what we shall feel.

Will men be able to remain long callous to the effects of distressing seasons, exhausted resources, mortifying repulses, alarming conflagrations, and, perhaps, contagious distempers? — O that we were wise, and saw the things which make for our peace! Peace has sought us; but, we have rejected her. The very man who has been the instrument of affliction to other powerful countries, and whose devastations we are now deprecating, was the first to tender his amity to this country. Let men ponder these things.

January, 1809. PROMETHEUS.